

Children's Newspaper, September 19, 1931

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SEPTEMBER 19, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MARVELLOUS LONDON NIGHTS

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Seven

EVERY MAN'S BOOK FROM NO MAN'S LAND

THE BIBLE ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Donald McNab's Lost Treasure
Comes Home Again

BEAUTIFUL STORY OF THE WAR

A most beautiful story comes of the almost forgotten days of the Great War.

There was a young Scottish shepherd called Donald McNab who found that in the hour of his country's great peril he must leave his sheep on the Peebleshire hills and go away to fight. For the last time he penned his flock with his sheep-dog at his side; for the last time had supper with his father and mother.

When his master said Goodbye to Donald he gave him a Bible, knowing he could give him nothing more welcome.

The war swallowed up the young shepherd from the hills. One day the news came to his parents that Donald was reported missing. It was impossible to learn the facts. Only a young German officer knew the truth about Donald.

A Look of Happiness

It happened in a sharp attack on the Cambrai Road in March, 1918. The Highlanders were hard pressed and obliged to retire, leaving their dead and wounded in No Man's Land.

Presently this young German officer came along and saw a young Highlander lying dead, his face to the Sun. There was something in the man's look that attracted the officer, a look of utter peace and happiness, and he saw that the soldier was clasping an open Bible.

The young officer was profoundly touched. He had a Bible in his own pocket, for his father was pastor of a German church. He took the English Bible gently from the dead hands, hoping that one day fate would make it possible for him to tell this soldier's mother how her son had died alone, happy, seeing the sunlight change into the glow of the Eternal Day.

For months and years Donald's old parents waited for news of their missing son. They died without learning that they would never see him again on Earth.

A Chance Meeting

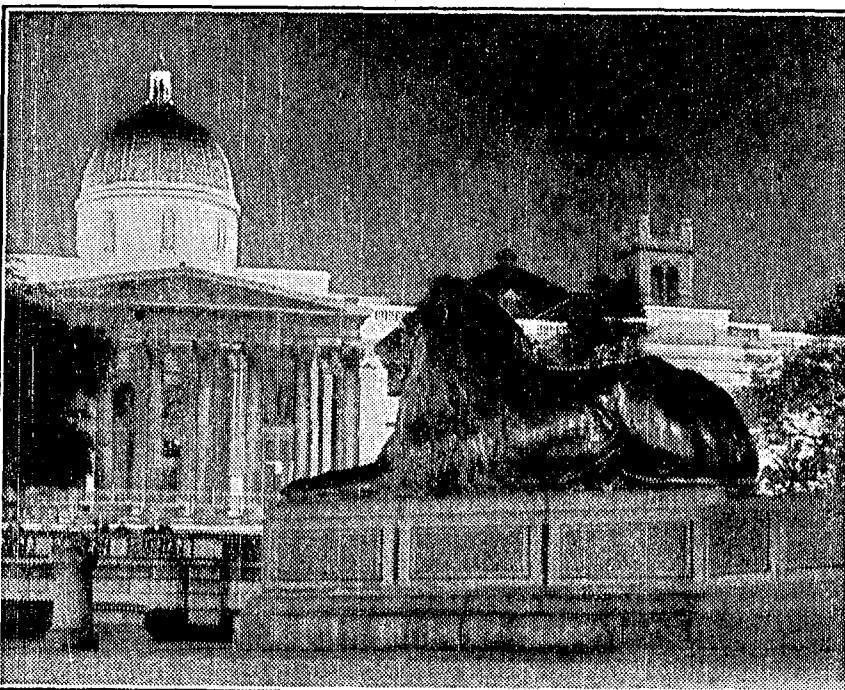
The next chapter in the story came last year, when a young Fifeshire lady went to Marburg University to study German. One day she chanced to meet the mother of the German officer. Learning that she was a Scot, the German lady told her the story of her son finding the dead Highlander with the open Bible.

The young lady wrote home and a long search began. Now Donald's brother has been found, and the German officer, who is now a pastor himself, has had the great pleasure of returning to Scotland the Bible he had kept for twelve years. It is now in the Naval and Military Museum in Edinburgh.

The New Beauty of Old London



Nelson in a blaze of splendour



A lion in front of the National Gallery

Millions of people have been stirred by the new beauty of old London revealed by the flood-lighting of its buildings during the last few weeks. See page 7.

THE SECRET MESSAGE

A TALE OF THE WAR BEFORE OURS

The Thrilling Adventure an
Old Lady Remembers

TRAGEDY OF METZ

An old lady has just celebrated her 91st birthday by becoming a member of the French army.

To be more precise, she has just received her Carte de Combattant, a document which certifies that Josephine Hild has fought for France.

But the dear old lady never took a life, though she certainly risked her own.

During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 she left her home and went to Tours to escape from the invaders. There she learned that Gambetta wanted to communicate with General Bazaine, who was besieged at Metz.

She volunteered to carry the message. First she had to persuade people that she could be trusted, and then she had to make her way through the Prussian Army.

She carried the message, written on very fine paper, rolled up, and put in a rubber tube, which she hid in her mouth.

Madame Hild managed to get through the Prussian lines, but by the time she reached Metz General Bazaine had surrendered to the enemy. She was just too late.

The Tiny Rubber Tube

Some believe that Bazaine turned traitor, and that if she had delivered her message after the surrender she would have been shot.

At any rate, she had too much sense to do so. She tramped back to Tours again, and returned the message to the senders, but she has kept the rubber tube ever since as a souvenir of her great and perilous adventure.

She is now living at the Bonsecours Hospital in Metz, the goal of her arduous and dangerous journey.

The Siege of Metz lasted two months. Cavalry horses and gun teams had to be slaughtered for food. Smallpox and dysentery broke out. There was a heavy civilian death-roll. Perhaps Bazaine was justified in surrendering.

Had he held out for another 48 hours it might have made all the difference to the fate of French troops elsewhere; but it is easy to be wise after the event. Bazaine was condemned to death for his mismanagement of the siege, then his punishment was commuted to imprisonment, and he avoided this by flight into Spain. There he died 18 years after the tragedy of Metz.

BEAUTY FROM UGLINESS

Seventy varieties of beautiful sweet peas were shown by Manchester Corporation at an agricultural show, all produced by the aid of fertiliser made from the refuse collected by the city cleansing department.

BURMA'S PLACE IN THE BRITISH LEAGUE

ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE

The Difficulties to Face in a Trying Country

SEPARATE FROM INDIA

Another step toward the establishment of a Constitution for Burma is to be taken this autumn.

The India Office has announced that a Round Table Conference is to be held as soon as the Federal Structure Committee of the Indian Conference has completed its proposals.

It will be recalled that the Simon Report suggested that Burma should become a separate country. The Indian Conference raised no serious objections, and our Government approved the principle. Since January Burma has been impatiently awaiting the next step.

Burmese Characteristics

The Round Table Conference will consist of representatives of Burma, the Government, and the other parties in our Parliament.

The problems to be faced are not easy of solution. In the first place the Burmese themselves have characteristics which make many wise people reluctant to grant them as much self-government as has been suggested for India itself.

They live in a land with a soil for the most part so productive that ease has made the general character of the men somewhat indolent. In recent years, too, cheap coolie labour from India has saved the men (and to a greater degree the women) from toil.

Their easy-going disposition and rich country have brought about an immigration from India and other nations of men who have organised and made big profits from the natural wealth.

There has been considerable resentment at this.

What England Has Done

It must not be forgotten, too, that Burma is but 50 years young as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Her boundaries have not been exactly defined. There are wild head-hunting races still among her hills and forests.

On the other hand, there are more people with the rudiments of education among the 13 millions of people than in some European countries. There is no caste system. The Buddhist religion is a very tolerant one, and every village has its pagoda and its monastery, where every boy is expected to don the yellow robe for a year.

England has here, as in India, done great things for the country and its people, ever since an expedition overthrew the savage King Theebaw, who was ruining his realm. British administration has preserved from stupid destruction the vast forests of teak, which form one of the most valuable assets of the land. We have developed the transport system and improved the value to the country of the great Irrawaddy, on whose waters are borne some two million tons of rice a year.

Resources of the Country

Burma is the land of the ruby and many precious stones. Her rubber fields are even too fertile, and her petroleum wells have an output of nearly 300 million gallons a year.

No one who visited Wembley can forget the lovely building of wood which stood out in its carved loveliness among the great edifices of concrete and stone, and no one who entered it can fail to remember the treasures in lacquer, in silver, in ivory, and in silk which revealed the love of beauty and originality of the Burmese people. Our hope is that they will rapidly acquire that discipline which is of all qualities essential for progressive steps in political self-government.

RUNNING THE WORLD

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

A Wise Man of Vienna Talks Sound Common Sense

THE PLANET FOR ALL

Economists from all over the world have lately met in Amsterdam.

A few years ago they would have confined their discussions to the question of getting more production from machines and more profits from their products. This year the problems facing them took their talk right away from factories to the very make-up of our modern world.

What has gone wrong? Here are wheat piled up, cotton piled up, metals piled up, cloth piled up—everything piled up, and millions of people in need, out of work, doing without, either moderately as they are in England and Germany on unemployment benefit, or desperately as they are in China and America.

A Bold Scheme

The economists no longer have to consider how to produce; the question now is how to distribute. There must be a wasteful element somewhere in our present way of doing things that causes all this suffering in the midst of plenty. What is it?

The economists had different answers. Some felt about it as our ancestors felt about smallpox—that it was an unavoidable scourge and nothing could be done about it. It was Dr Neurath of Vienna who came forward with the boldest scheme. We shall only cure the world's maladies when we bring ourselves to view the world as a whole, he says. We have learned how to run a factory rationally, or a laundry; now we must learn how to apply those principles of common sense to the world. It is stupid to ask a country admirably equipped for raising wheat to turn its attention to exporting watches. Let each country contribute to the common stock the things it is best fitted to contribute; let each one stop trying to grow rich at the expense of its neighbour. Let the nations once and for all accept the fact that we have only one globe to live on, and strive to make the most of its magnificent possibilities for the benefit of all.

Social Engineers

As a first step in this programme of world-planning, Dr Neurath proposes world-study. We need to know the facts, not here and there but universally, about products, riches, rainfall, skills, tastes, commerce, and so on. Rather a large order, perhaps, but Dr Neurath puts it all in pictures, which once seen are never forgotten. If facts can be collected and made clear to all people in all countries, he thinks, people will know too much to permit their present difficulties to continue. They will demand that their affairs be regulated by "social engineers," and when the demand for these is strong enough they will come forward to manage our planet as satisfactorily as a modern boot factory is managed. The three essential ingredients to his scheme are knowledge, unselfishness on a national scale, and economic common sense applied on a world-wide scale. It is a colossal scheme. It cannot be put into operation tomorrow or next year; but it is certainly a thought in the right direction.

NEW YORK'S PLIGHT

The State of New York, which contains the mighty city of New York, is very seriously hit by the trade crisis, and the Governor, who bears the honoured name of Roosevelt, is making extensive proposals to meet the situation.

He suggests a vote of £4,000,000 for public works and a 50 per cent increase in income tax to make work for the vast numbers of unemployed.

Here we again see illustrated the impossibility of evading responsibility for the condition of the unemployed.

TERROR OF THE AEROPLANE

The Fearful Power Now Growing Up

ALL TOO LITTLE REALISED

Recent air manoeuvres on the Continent have again demonstrated how difficult it is to put up a defence against attacking aeroplanes.

In the Italian mimic fighting, when some 800 planes were engaged, the defence utterly failed. Although cities were darkened as in real war, hundreds of sham bombs were successfully dropped on them at a time when the weather favoured defence.

This failure of defence is what makes the Air Terror such a dreadful thing. It is dreadful because, if nations fight again, the first signal will be the arrival of enemy aeroplanes, for no nation can now afford to declare war formally.

War aeroplanes fly so swiftly that a declaration of war could be followed by bombing within an hour or two. Yet people still throw up their caps when they see a fighting aeroplane, ignoring the fact that its existence threatens not fighting men so much as non-combatants, homes, women, children, and the aged.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

Hague Court Decision

A day or two after the Austrian Minister at Geneva had formally announced the withdrawal of the proposed Customs Union with Germany, the 15 judges of the International Hague Court gave their decision.

By eight votes to seven the Court decided that the Customs Union infringed the Geneva Protocol of 1922 as being liable to threaten the economic independence of Austria.

The C.N. believes there is nothing wrong in the proposed union, but how much wiser it would have been had Germany and Austria raised their proposal with the League and refrained from an act which set Rumour and Suspicion on the wing all over an anxious Continent!

A DICTATOR STEPS DOWN

Constitution for Yugo-Slavia

A step toward Parliamentary liberty in Yugo-Slavia has just been taken, and one more dictator has descended from his all-powerful perch.

King Alexander, who has ruled his country for the last two years as Charles Stuart endeavoured to rule England 300 years ago, has issued a decree granting a new Constitution.

This Constitution is very different from the old one he broke up, and many think he still retains under it powers very much too autocratic. We shall see.

INDIA AT THE ROUND TABLE

The Indian Round Table Conference has begun its second session, and now Mr Gandhi is one of its valued members.

Lord Sankey is chairman of this wonderful gathering, and the C.N. sends its greetings to all the delegates, hoping that they will bring nearer the day of peace and happiness in that bewildering land of 300 million souls.

HOSPITALITY RETURNED

Twenty English schoolboys have been living in an island paradise for a month as guests of 20 German boys in Berlin.

Three schoolmasters went with them from their homes in Sheffield, and the boys were chosen for their proficiency in speaking German. The masters give English lessons to the Germans.

The tiny island is in the middle of Lake Lychen, and contains a comfortable house as holiday camp. English and Germans sat alternately at table, and slept similarly in the airy dormitory.

FRIENDS OF THE VILLAGE

A Little Help Worth Many Grumbles

HOW CAMPDEN WAS SAVED

At a dinner party the other day a gushing lady said to a famous architect: "They are spoiling the lovely little village where I live."

"And what are you doing to save it?" he asked.

The lady was doing nothing. There are very many like her, who scold and grumble, but do nothing.

It is very cheering to hear of people whose love for English beauty carries them farther. Such a one is Mr F. L. Griggs of Campden, in the Cotswolds.

The Rural District Council was about to build eight houses of red brick. Mr Griggs and others who love the neighbourhood pointed out to the council that the charm of the district lies in its mellow houses of Cotswold stone. Red brick would look as wrong here as a thatched roof on Buckingham Palace.

For Love of England

The council replied that their brick cottages would cost £2960, and that if the bricks were hidden by roughcast and given stone quoins, facings, and chimneys the extra cost would be £250.

£250 to save the village for ever from a blemish. £250 for something friendly and pleasant to look at instead of something ugly. £250 to keep the village a Cotswold village.

It seems little, but in these hard times the council could not afford it.

Mr Griggs might have murmured something about being hit by the times also. But he was ready to give more for love of England than a sentimental sigh. He and a few other lovers of the village agreed to pay the extra £250.

They have saved Campden; perhaps their example will spur people to save other lovely places too.

A little self-sacrifice is worth more than any amount of grumbling.

A WORK WELL DONE

Mention was made some time ago of a film about to be made by Manchester schoolboys as a holiday task.

The film has been made, and is such a success that it is to be kept by geographical societies for reference.

Sixteen Altrincham boys went to Devon. They began their film, *The Birth of a River*, with a cloud scene over Dartmoor, and followed the stream, winding through lovely scenes, until it sweeps into Dartmouth Harbour, a carrier of the ships of all nations.

THINGS SAID

Every electioneering programme for 25 years has involved an increase of expenditure. Professor J. H. Morgan, K.C.

I have often found my wife sleeping peacefully with one of my books upside down on her knee. Dean Inge

Germany in 1935 will have to demobilise three-quarters of a million workers because we shall not want more houses. Dr Bruning

It is astounding but true that the French and German industrialists have considered a Customs Union. Sir Walter Layton

Man has no amusement more innocent, more sweet, more gracious, more elevating, more fortifying than he can find in a library. Mr George Dawson

You can depend on finding Punch, the Children's Newspaper, the Christian World, and the Times Weekly at almost every mission station. Rev A. M. Chirgwin

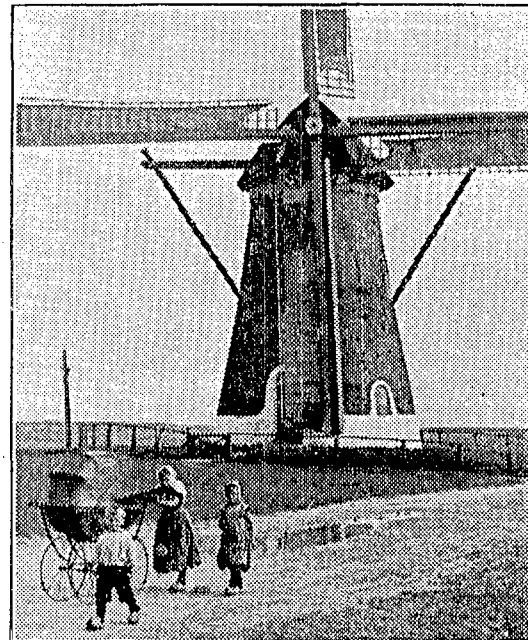
THE MOTOR-WHEEL • THE DIVER'S STORY • AN INQUISITIVE BEAR



An Awkward Load—A fisherman at Sennen Cove shows how five of the big lobster pots that are used on the Cornish coast can be carried by one man.



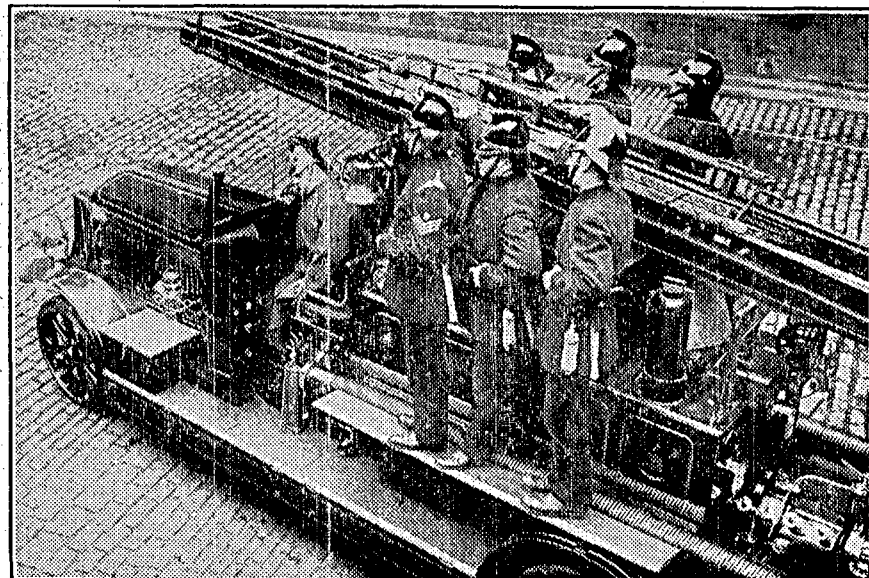
The Motor-wheel—This curious-looking vehicle is the invention of a Swiss engineer. He is now touring with it through Europe and was photographed at Arles in France while on his way to Spain. The motor-wheel can travel at twenty miles an hour.



In Windmill Land—Sturdy little Jan leads the way when out for a walk with his sisters past the old mill on the outskirts of their village in Holland.



A Tale of the Sea—Children love to hear old sailors tell tales of adventure at sea. On this occasion, however, the stories told to them concerned happenings in the sea, on the ocean bed in fact. The narrator was Captain Lawson Smith, a master diver who was giving demonstrations off the Claremont Pier at Lowestoft.



Fire Engine's Wireless—The Rochdale fire engine has been equipped with a wireless set which enables it to keep in touch with the station. The brigade is responsible for a wide area of moorland on which there are isolated farms and mills.



An Inquisitive Bear—The bears in Yellowstone National Park are so familiar with motor-cars that if they find one by the roadside they sometimes peep inside to see if there are any sweets or other dainties to which they can help themselves.

BRIGHTER CRICKET

THE NATIONAL GAME IN 1931

Effect of the New System of Points

A GOOD ALL-ROUND SEASON

Those who play cricket, and those who have played and now watch cricket, agree that County Cricket for 1931 has been brighter and better than in many recent years.

The new system of giving points for various degrees of success, however imperfect it may still be, has had the effect of stopping the kind of cricket that is a dull mechanic exercise. It has made bold playing to win the best policy. On the whole the table of results shows more fairly the respective merits of the county teams than any such list has done in the past.

Strongest Team

Cricket will always be a "chancy" game, for the weather plays a strong hand in it; but this year it certainly has not affected the result so far as the championship is concerned. Yorkshire has had by far the worst luck with the weather, for six of its 28 games were utterly spoiled by the rain and only 24 points were scored for them out of a possible 90; yet the eleven won their way through to the championship by 16 victories in completed games against one defeat. They stand out apart as unquestionably the strongest team of the year in all-round play. Sutcliffe also stands apart as a batsman, with an average of 100. It looks as if Yorkshire might be starting another spell of championship successes. Its new men are well up to sample with its old heroes. F. E. Greenwood is proving himself equally sound as a captain and a bat, and Verity and Bowes are as bowlers a dangerous combination. Macaulay, too, has had a good year.

The Championship Race

Gloucestershire keeps the second place with eleven wins and four losses. The Gloucester men play a bold game and have many well-wishers everywhere. They were run very close at the finish by Kent. The Kentish play was patchy, as is seen in twelve victories and seven defeats. Kent has to rely too much on Freeman's amazing skill as a bowler and greatly needs a fast one. C. S. Marriott, playing in the later matches, was a conspicuous success.

Until Yorkshire burst straight through to the front it seemed that there was a fair chance for either Gloucester, Sussex, Notts, or Kent to win the championship, but Notts fell to the fifth place through having four of her best men injured in a motor accident. Still, the midland county has done well, and the first five counties on the list make a distinctly superior group.

The Fall of Lancashire

The Sussex team remains one that every cricket lover is eager to see. It has had a good year with ten wins and six losses. Tate and "Duleep" have not disappointed, and James Langridge has strengthened into a sound all-round player.

Lancashire had a bad fall, and will have to add bowling relief to Richard Tyldesley, Sibbles, and Hopwood if she is to belong to the strongest third of the county list. Nominally she is in it (sixth), but really belongs to the middle group of Derbyshire, Surrey, Warwickshire, Essex, and Middlesex. She has not seemed to respond to the brighter and more energetic spirit that has prevailed elsewhere. She has not lost much, but has not had push enough to win.

Derbyshire has a balance of victories, and a competent team, of which rather more is expected than is achieved.

Surrey ought to be higher than eighth, considering her resources, but

GOD'S BOX

Einstein To a Boy

CONCERNING STARS AND ORANGES

Likening the sky to an orange box and the stars to oranges, Professor Einstein has helped, by means of a graphic article familiar to every Palestine child, to clear up several questions which had troubled a 12-year-old schoolboy of Tel Aviv.

Puzzled about various phenomena of the world we live in, Samuel Glazer had the temerity to write to the profound author of the Theory of Relativity to ask him to solve a question which "no one, not even my teacher," could answer for him.

As every star is as big as the Earth, how can so many stars find room in the sky? was one of Samuel's questions; and the other was How, because of their size, is it possible for the stars to be so close to each other?

Professor Einstein sent the boy a prompt answer to both these questions.

"You know that oranges are very large in Palestine," he said. "It is possible, nevertheless, to export them if large enough boxes are found. The reply to your question is that God's box is very large indeed."

THE RIGHT WAY FOR THE WORLD

Our Friends the Enemy

One of the pleasing after-effects of the war is the dying-out of the spirit of enmity which prevailed widely when the war so unnecessarily began.

Everyone who visits Germany now comes back with stories of good feeling existing there toward British people, and even during the war humanity asserted itself and wore down hatred. There are indeed many instances of men who first met as national enemies changing into personal friends. We have just heard of one more example.

Several English prisoners in a German camp for captured officers succeeded in crossing the barbed-wire fence. One of them was seen and chased by a German soldier. Entering a building, he reached its roof and leaped into the street. The pursuer followed him and also made the leap, but was severely injured by it. The prisoners were presently recaptured.

Hearing after a time that the German soldier's injuries were severe and might be permanent, the British prisoners collected and presented to the injured man a very handsome sum as a sign of their sympathy.

Since the war the German pursuer has twice been the guest of the Englishman he chased.

Continued from the previous column

she has not deserved to be higher on her play. She lacks quality in her bowling, and needs to be somehow pulled together. With two bats like Hobbs and Sandham she ought to be easily in the first flight, and she is not. Happily Hobbs is not retiring this year. Why should a cricketer retire when he is still able to make 2000 runs in a season? As for fielding at fifty, there is always a place or two in the field where Hobbs can field quite adequately and not be expected to sprint. Revived cricket still needs Hobbs in its midst teaching it grace as well as skill in batsmanship.

The outcry to give youth its chance in national cricket has not discovered much extra talent. G. D. Kemp-Welch and Bakewell are the most assured fresh men. After all, it is the well-trying batsmen and bowlers who save the situation, and replacing them is slow work.

The New Zealand team has proved itself a fine body of sportsmen, efficient and tenacious, not the equals of an All-England team, of course, but as strong as our strongest counties and stronger than most.

THE CLOUD WITH THE GOLDEN LINING

Ingenuity in the Face of Misfortune

HOW A COPPER COMPANY FORGES AHEAD

The price of copper today is far below what it costs to dig it out of the ground, yet news comes of at least one copper company which is managing to keep its head above water and even to make a modest profit.

This company owns an entire mountain of copper ore in California, and when copper was in great demand it mined the ore at a steady pace, employing over 500 men. This went on for half a century or so. Then came the sudden slump. It seemed a pity to disband the little town which had grown up, set all those families drifting, abandon the school, and say Goodbye to a lifetime of effort and a mountain of good ore. So the manager looked about him to see what could be done.

He had already begun the manufacture of a fertiliser, but that was not enough to hold the works together until the world wanted copper sufficiently to pay a fair price for it.

Gold From a Rubbish Heap

He looked at the dumps, with the refuse that had been thrown out when the copper was extracted. Were they worth anything? He had them assayed. There was gold in them. Not very much, but enough to make them worth treating with economy. It was a costly business to set up the plant to treat those millions of tons of refuse, but the directors agreed to foot the bill, and now every month this sleeping copper mine sends gold to the mint and receives in return a good round cheque with which it is able to pay wages to its men and repay the directors for the money they advanced to install the necessary equipment for this work.

"Our success in these hard times has caused a great deal of comment in the mining world," the manager writes, "with the result that everybody and his aunt are out in the hills prospecting for refuse dumps to make their fortunes out of."

Not every rubbish heap yields gold, it is true, but we wonder if the man who makes bonfires out of used pianos could not at least make sixpences instead?

THE PEACE BOARD

Scores For Last Month

A Treaty of friendship between Czecho-Slovakia and Persia was registered at the League.

Rumania decided to supervise the trade in drugs, and Turkey took steps to stop the traffic.

Experts from the League started for China to help in building-up an educational system.

Agreements were signed by Norway, Sweden, Hungary, and Greece to facilitate foreign motor traffic.

The eighteenth signature was accorded to the convention for setting-up the International Agricultural Credit Company.

Proposals for a new Bank of International Credits for industry were fully studied.

Officials of the League went to Vienna in response to Austria's request for an examination into its economic difficulties.

The I.L.O.'s scheme for international roads in Europe was placed before the Transit Organisation.

A programme for giving refugees their natural rights to legal protection, educational facilities, and free movement from one country to another was drawn up.

Shipping companies have reduced the Atlantic third-class fare to little more than a penny a mile.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR METHODISM

THE CENTRAL HALL BLUNDER

Why Not Celebrate Unity by Putting a Wrong Right?

OBSTINACY AND FOLLY

All the friends of Methodism will be glad to see the enthusiasm with which the various branches of John Wesley's Church are forming themselves into one.

They have voted for unity by immense majorities, and their united influence is bound to be an increased power for righteousness.

The C.N. would like to make an appeal to the united forces of Methodism to celebrate their new unity by putting themselves right in a matter which concerns them greatly. We refer to that anti-climax of the famous Methodist Million Guinea Fund to which we have often called attention.

A Famous Site

Sir Robert Perks carried the Fund through with the remarkable energy of which he was capable in those days, but he has not been able to carry the scheme to its completion. A curious blunder and an act of obstinacy have, we believe, stood in the way.

In this the last generation of Methodists committed an act of folly which it should be the proud privilege of this generation to put right.

One of the things done with the money raised from Methodists all over the world was to set up a hall which was to be a proud monument of Methodism in the very heart of London. It faces our national shrine at Westminster. It was a bold thing to choose a site so famous, but such an act of daring was a challenge; it demanded the strictest attention and the highest judgment on the part of all concerned.

Ugliness Facing Beauty

Will it be believed that in the planning of this great hall some mistake was made which brought the proud scheme to such an anti-climax that the Central Hall has never been finished? Its façade, facing all the noble towers of Westminster, has been left for nearly a generation uncovered, with the builder's board still up. It has become the laughing-stock of London. It is the duty of Methodism to its subscribers to finish this work; it is its duty to London to save it from this offence; it is its duty to itself to remove this absurdity and to crown the cause and the Fund with the dignity of a complete achievement.

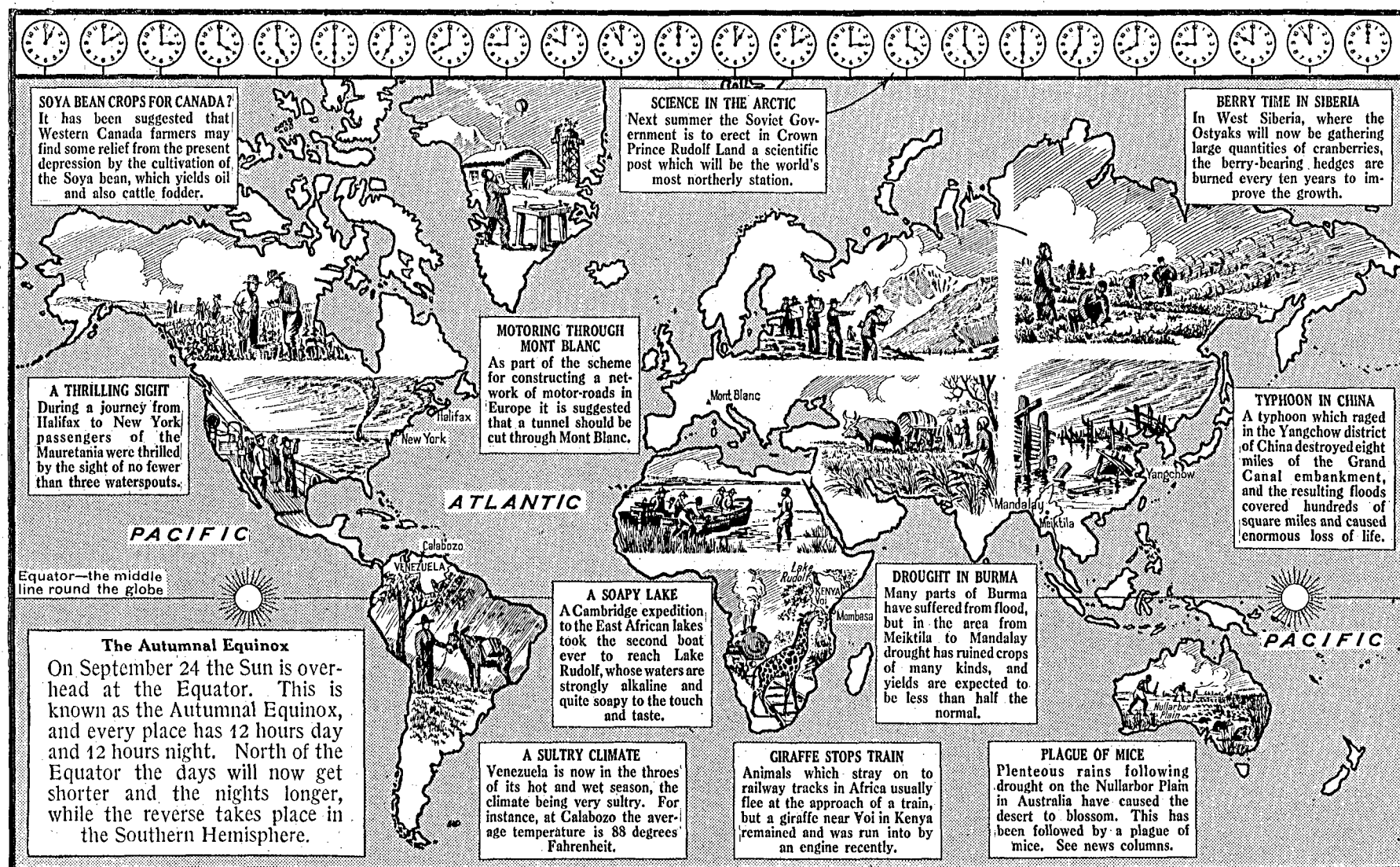
The C.N. has many times appealed to Methodism to put itself right in this matter, but it has never received a clear statement of the reasons why Methodism obstinately insists on keeping itself in the wrong. We believe that there has been some trouble with Westminster Hospital, and that the hospital itself is obstinate, refusing to accept a compromise solution of a great difficulty.

The Rights of the Public

Between the obstinacy of the hospital and the obstinacy of the Central Hall authorities the rights of the public and the rights of the Methodist subscribers appear to be ignored. Once more we appeal to Methodism, now at last united and strong, to spend the few pounds necessary to make good its mistake and keep faith with the public.

It will be an ill-beginning for United Methodism to start with its G.H.Q. half finished. An unhappy blunder has been made in its name, and for the honour of the Church it should not be allowed to go forth any longer that Methodism cannot finish the work to which it set its hand. Methodism should be courageous, efficient, and wise, and should leave behind it for ever the follies and prejudices and obstinacies of the last generation.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



DOWN-AND-OUTS ARE UP AND ABOUT

A Maidstone Success

Waterside House has lately had its first birthday.

It is a hostel at Maidstone for out-of-work men and boys who are not eligible for unemployment relief. Those who founded it a year ago in an attempt to solve some of the difficulties caused by unemployment have been rewarded by truly cheering success.

Food and shelter have been given to hundreds of unemployed, and in June alone 3000 meals were provided for them. Clothes were also given to those who were out-at-elbow and in rags.

Lack of food and decent clothing soon leads to lack of self-respect, but many men who were in danger of losing this essential quality for getting on in life have been helped at Waterside House to win the fight against the dragon of despair. They have found permanent employment, and several boys who had not enough to do and were drifting into a career of crime have made a fresh start and are developing into citizens helpful, instead of harmful, to the community.

A BRONZE MEDAL GOES TO PORTLAND

Brave Joseph Gillespie has been awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

He is a young man of 23, living at St Margaret's Bay, Portland, but luckily for Thomas Robinson last spring Gillespie was standing at the Rio Grande River Mouth, Jamaica.

About a quarter of a mile from the shore were six men in a boat. The sea was rough and the craft capsized. Gillespie could see one man clinging to the upturned keel.

He knew there was great danger from sharks, but he plunged into the heavy sea, swam to the boat, and got Thomas Robinson ashore. Two boats picked up the other men.

IS THIS A RECORD?

A Manager at 17

Recently a much-respected alderman and magistrate, Mr W. H. Brown, died at the age of 80 at Bolton, Lancashire. A correspondent suggests that his business career may be a record.

When he was twelve he went to work in a mill as a half-timer, and at once began the study of the technicalities of the textile trade in the local Technical School.

So diligent was he in his work and in his studies that at the age of 15 he became an overlooker. When he was 17 he was made manager of a mill belonging to the same firm.

Later he held higher appointments and became the managing director of another mill, and finally was owner of important Works.

Some say this is the age for youth. But this Bolton career suggests that exceptional youth has always had its opportunities, just as exceptional age has.

A TEN-YEAR PLAN FOR CHINA?

It is reported that the Chinese Nationalist Government is preparing a Ten-Year Plan for the development of the great territory of China, with its population of about 400 millions.

The scheme, according to this report, is to be placed under the control of an Advisory National Economic Council, and among the proposals under consideration are:

- A great extension of transport.
- An addition of hundreds of millions of acres to the land under cultivation.
- The building of great industrial works.
- The creation of a great mercantile marine, with first-class seaports.

It remains to be seen whether this plan will materialise. If it ever does the Chinese market will call for an enormous amount of machinery and plant.

IMPRISONED IN STONE

The Tree That Once Waved in the Wind

Some builders in an English town had a surprise a short while ago when, on sawing through a great block of stone, they discovered, hidden in the centre, the bough of a tree ages old.

It measured about an inch and a half across. The wood had deepened in colour to a chocolate brown, and it was crossed with strips of resin which had fossilised and looked like amber.

The tree appeared to have belonged to the fir or larch family, and the age of the wood is said to be incalculable.

It sets one wondering as to what the world was like when this bough bore its rosy tufts and waved in the woods in springtime.

THE FLYWHEEL FLIES

Remarkable Accident

An astonishing accident is reported from Paris.

A Paris artist, M Marcel Arnac, was sitting quietly talking to his wife in their dining-room the other day when a piece of steel, 30 pounds in weight, crashed through the wall and hit them both.

The metal missile had hurtled through the air from a pumping station nearly half a mile away. Something had gone wrong with a pump, causing its flywheel to reach such a speed in its revolutions that it burst into pieces, which flew in all directions.

A BAD MAN'S GOOD WORD

Across the Atlantic a coward and a bully has got himself into a mess, as all cowards and bullies do sooner or later, but out of this mess has come, perhaps, the only wise thing he ever said.

As he was led out of court, after being sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, a friend asked how he felt.

"I feel all right," was the answer. "What is the use of feeling anything else?"

AUSTRALIA'S PLAGUE OF MICE

What Happened After the Rain Fell

Our Australian correspondent, Mrs Bates, who lives on the edge of the great Nullarbor Plain near the boundaries of South Australia and Western Australia and devotes her life to giving helpfulness to the aborigines who pass near her camp, reports that a plague of mice has been eating its way across the Plain and reaching the sea on the south.

For about ten years there has been very little rain in central Australia, but this year a most welcome break in the drought has occurred. Vegetation has followed the rain over large tracts of customary desert, and a plague of mice has followed the rain.

The emigrant mice have descended from the North-North-West, eating their way across the reviving plains, till they reached the southern coast along a region extending from Western Australia to Victoria eastward. Much damage has been done in the farming districts.

A similar plague occurred 14 years ago in central Australia, with equal suddenness. In these raids the mice go on and on, always forward and never returning, eating all the food they find. When they reach the sea and their food is exhausted they end by eating one another.

The native tribes catch, cook, and eat the travelling mice.

Abnormal rains in Australia lead to abnormal animal life, as abnormal rains this year in the British Isles have led to abnormal plant life. See World Map

MORE FACTORIES

The Home Office reports that at the end of 1930 we had 154,102 factories and 103,371 workshops.

This was an increase of 1649 factories and a decrease of 4952 workshops as compared with 1929, and points to a further increase of big business at the expense of small business.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 19 1931

The Lake of Dead Gold

IT is amusing to record, amid all the talk about the wickedness of British Governments in borrowing to balance budgets, that the United States Government has decided to borrow no less than £220,000,000 for balancing the deficit on its last Budget.

It must soon begin to dawn upon the minds of our American cousins that a false policy has been pursued in hoarding gold; though their hoard of the precious metal is apparently still accumulating. Americans are very much troubled about the position. They see America refusing to accept goods and in effect demanding more and more gold which is useless to her.

The point has just been very well argued by an American writer, who roundly declares that the United States, young in international affairs, does not understand the responsibilities of a great creditor nation. America has raised a Chinese wall around herself to make it hard for her debtors to pay their due. He says:

Here in the United States is a dead lake of gold, fed by yellow streams from debtor countries. Nearly half of all the money gold in the world is in that lake. It is much more gold than the United States needs for any purpose, more than it can possibly use in its own affairs; nevertheless, countries that need gold are without it.

This American critic of American policy then proceeds to point out that this dead weight of gold is a "symbol of American ignorance." It harms not only America but the world. Thus America is not only greatly to blame for the troubles which have brought misery on the world; it is now actually hindering the return to prosperity.

President Hoover's gesture in proposing a War Debt Holiday is one happy sign that America is awaking to her great responsibility. America has also joined in a loan in support of British credit. These things may be taken as signs that our American cousins have at last begun to realise that they cannot separate themselves from the rest of the world and that when they hurt the world they hurt themselves.

More and more the truth must dawn upon the world. No nation can suffer without the rest of the world suffering too. We are entitled to point out, however, that American responsibility for the world's crisis is grave and irrefutable, and that for her own sake, as well as for the sake of all the world, the American people should reconsider their position and find a solution of their difficulties in a liberal trade policy and in a complete revision of the war debts which hang like millstones around the necks of the nations.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Price of Patriotism

MR J. H. THOMAS, who has remained at his post in the National Government and had to resign his office as Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, has been refused his pension by the N.U.R.

*Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.*

Poor But Respectable

AN Englishman lately in Germany again directs attention to a point about German poverty of which we cannot be too often reminded.

He remarks that in Berlin such slums as ours have always been unknown. That is true, and it is true of other German towns. German poverty is always clean and respectable.

It is difficult to know why this great contrast should exist between the poor of Germany and the poor of our own country and of America, but so it is.

Back to the Land

THE cry of Back to the Land is an old one, but it sometimes happens that an old cry is true.

In two short years England and Wales have lost nearly 54,000 agricultural workers. This means not only the loss of a great industry, but loss of health, physique, contact with natural things. It becomes very important to cherish our agriculture, and we are glad to think that all parties in the State are moving to this conclusion. Much more must be made of our beautiful fertile island, which provides a magnificent market for home-grown food.

An Admiral's Possession

ONE of our admirals has been reading a note in the C.N. about Drake's Drum and about what remains of the Golden Hind.

It is interesting to see the model of the Golden Hind perched high up on the top of Deptford Town Hall, looking down on the river where the Golden Hind arrived with Drake on board; but there still exist actual fragments of that famous ship—one in London, one in Oxford, and one in the old home of Drake in Devon.

Admiral Hopwood writes to us that he has a photograph of Drake's Drum framed with a photograph of the chair made from the Golden Hind, and beside them a picture of the Council of War held in the Ark Royal framed in wood from an Armada galleon.

A unique combination, Admiral Hopwood thinks, and we think so, too, though we have a cannon ball from the Spanish Armada lying at our flagmast on a Kent hilltop, and close by a piece of a Spanish sword which went down when the Armada sank in Tobermory Bay.

Three Wise Things

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives another pain.

The best mirror is an old friend.

Wealth is not his who makes it, but his who enjoys it.

Never

SOME people were talking idly the other day of the nervous tricks they had.

"And what do you do," they asked a famous German statesman, "when you are nervous?"

"I whistle," he said shortly.

"But," a friend protested, "I have never heard you whistle."

"I never do," said he

Tip-Cat

YOU never know who may be driving a taxi these days, we read. All men of rank, we suppose.

A MAN wants to know how to stop his fountain-pen leaking. Empty it.

FIFTY million mouth-organs were exported by Germany last year. Is this how Germany keeps the peace?

FREEDOM from worry is an attitude toward life, says a speaker. And

usually depends on one's financial position.

SOUTHEND claims to be a matchless resort. But we hear it is a striking place.

THE air is said to be safer than it used to be. No need to get the wind up.

HOT weather, we are told, makes people irritable. English people would be willing to risk it.

OVER 200,000 subscribers are

giving up the telephone, says a newspaper. We think it has been given the wrong number.

THE latest invention is a revolving pantry. It will make the food turn.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THERE will be no need this year for an anti-litter campaign in the New Forest, because there is practically no litter.

PORTSMOUTH is to save £10,000 a year by closing its prison.

THE use of aeroplanes for hunting animals has been forbidden by the French Department of the Seine.

JUST AN IDEA

*I am sad, worried, lonely, you say.
But who has ordained that you should
shun all men to become walled in the
prison of your miserable and worried self?*

The Discoverer in the Clouds

Many new islands have been discovered and thousands of miles of territory surveyed by men flying in the clouds.

MOUNTAINS and little lakes like silver pools;
Thin roads; grey, flattened towns;
such toy-like trains
We ride above, and see our shadow move
Lonely and small across unshadowed plains.

THERE come white beaches
cupped in curving cliffs;
Ports where great seacraft ply
their foreign trade;
And now the wrinkled canvas of the sea
Which ships of old exploited unafraid

As we today exploit the farthest skies
Passing beyond the chartered and the known
Until we reach great silences, and sail
Over wild snows and icefields vast and lone.

HERE, from the sky, we see far land and pale
Which has slept there since first the world began;
And islands hidden in a frozen sea
Throughout the ages from the eyes of man,

MAN who conceived and formed this mighty ship
Whose engines cleave the skies from place to place;
Whose coming spans the continents until
The Earth entire, and man, are face to face. Marjorie Wilson

Are Not Two Sparrows Sold For a Farthing?

By Our Town Girl

A FRIEND of the C.N. was passing down Old Bailey in the busy hours. Ahead were two workmen. Suddenly they stopped, looking at the ground. First one and then the other tried to pick something up.

In great curiosity the friend behind hurried up and saw on the path a sooty London sparrow, dragging a wing as it hopped. It darted off the pavement. The workmen went after it, regardless of drays and lorries, and at last one of them caught it.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the friend of the C.N., looking at the tiny frightened bird in the great hand.

"Oh," said the workman, looking a little ashamed of being found out in a kind deed, "I reckon I can splint up that wing. It will be all right in a day or two."

And he hurried on in the crowded street and was lost to sight.

Look Up

There are bridges to cross and the way is long,
But a purpose in life will make you strong;
Keep on your lips a cheerful song,
And always look up, look up!

THE MAJESTY OF A LONDON NIGHT OUR SHINING TOWERS AND GORGEOUS PALACES

Wonderful Spectacle That Stirred the City's Millions LET THERE BE LIGHT

London has made a great discovery. It has discovered how beautiful it is.

We doubt if anybody who has not seen it has any idea of the magnificent spectacle of London by night in the last few weeks. Never again, we hope, shall we lose it, for we have learned how beautiful a city can be made. We have seen a vision of what the City of the future will be like.

Like a Fairy Palace

Our buildings are more beautiful than we know until we have seen them in a flood of light. Millions have discovered new beauties in our domes and towers and palaces. Big Ben stands out as he has never stood before. The West Towers of the Abbey rise proudly in a beauty hitherto unguessed. The great Gothic mass of the Houses of Parliament is in darkness, but beside it the new Thames House stands out like a fairy palace, one of the best effects in this great spectacle. The front of the County Hall reflects its light on the river rolling past, and by the crippled Waterloo Bridge the long front of Somerset House shines in a coral splendour.

Farther up the river the City adds its brilliance to the night, with the giant towers of Tower Bridge, looking as they never looked before, and the gold cross of St Paul's shining like a thing of wonder. Very beautiful, not far away, is the loveliest of all Wren's steeples, standing majestical outside the C.N. window as we write. Men call it the telescope and the women the bride-cake, but on this night the Fleet Street steeple of St Bride's is like a dream.

A Gem of Beauty

Just down the Embankment, past the Temple Gardens, is the little gem of all this wondrous spectacle, less seen perhaps than all the rest and yet most beautiful; it is the little office of the Incorporated Accountants, that gem of beauty fronting the Thames at the end of Temple Gardens. Never looked a place more lovely in our London Town than this small hall in the blue grey light.

By Somerset House once more, the marvellously lit Embankment brings us to Trafalgar Square and the shining way down Whitehall. The Cenotaph stands out in all its rare simplicity, the purest of all our monuments, and something like a miracle it is to stand in this familiar place, to lose Nelson's Column in the darkness, but to see high up there, poised in space as if it were a vision, the grey figure of Lord Nelson. London has seen nothing like it at any time, for there Nelson stands in space, looking out on a London lit with candles in his day but lit tonight with something brighter than the sunlight that falls on these cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces.

The White Palace

The fine steeple of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, the pepperbox dome of the National Gallery, and the great lions of the Square draw the vision of the vast crowd thronging through the streets; but now all eyes are turned toward the Mall. Down this broad way, between the trees and the lamp-posts with a hundred little ships, is the white front of Buckingham Palace, with the flood of sixty million candle-power of light about it. The Victoria Memorial shines in front of it, with its bronze groups silhouetted in the dazzling splendour; and all about the waves of light are playing on the flower beds in the park, the loveliest park in London, its lake like shining gold.

It is midnight, but the shining ways are thronged with people, mothers with babies in prams, fathers with tired little

KEEP LONDON BEAUTIFUL BY NIGHT

A REMARKABLE thing it is to remember that we owe all this wonderful flood-lighting of London buildings to one or two people who have paid for it out of their own pockets. We have had the possibility before us for a generation, and it is fair to say that a few generous people with a great imagination have shown us the way. The Underground Building has splendidly atoned for its ugly Epstein nightmares by flood-lighting its tower, the forerunner of all this beauty which has so stirred the people of London.

But the idea of this splendour of light was the inspiration of the International Illumination Congress which came to London for its meetings, and the Congress bore the cost of it. Millions of people owe them a mighty debt of gratitude,

and we look to our public authorities to see that the lesson is not lost.

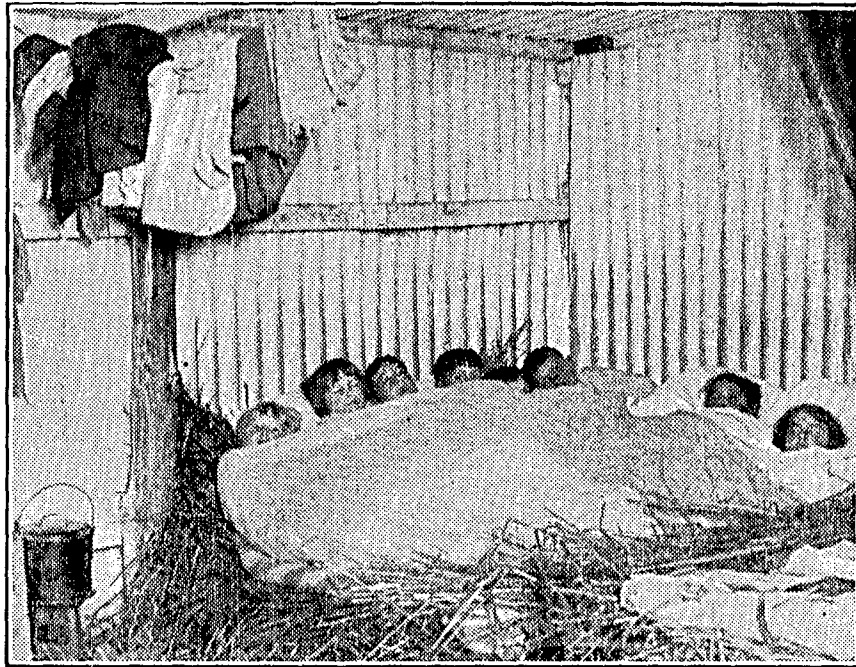
Too long has London been dull by night for those to whom its poverty-stricken stage makes no appeal. We are not a people with a great imagination. The Post Office refuses to give us a beautiful stamp; the Mint refuses to give us a beautiful coin. Our Museum authorities shut themselves up in the only hours when busy men can visit them; and at night, when a man would look round for something to do, there is nothing but a theatre in this age when the theatre has reached its lowest level since the days of Charles the Second.

Now we know that the streets of London can be made by night into a spectacle more glorious than the theatre can give us at its best. Let it be done.

A WORKING HOLIDAY IN THE HOPFIELDS



The working holiday of the East End army of hop-pickers



The end of the day with the hop-pickers down in Kent

Continued from the previous column

ones fast asleep on their shoulders, old folk who love beauty and young folk who have given up their dancing to see how lovely London is. The busman will not be home till two in the morning, but he does not mind, for London is at its best, and it has been a famous night.

What came they out for to see? We cannot say, but what they saw was something beautiful beyond compare. They draw near to the little Suspension Bridge across the lake of St James's Park, the loveliest corner of London by day, the rarest corner of London on any night, and on this night something not to be forgotten.

One way, past the flowers ablaze with colour, the grass full green, and the wondering ducks on the shining water,

is the king's palace in all its glory; the other way is the supremest touch of this most brilliant spectacle. The light is falling on the Horse Guards across Whitehall to the War Office, and beyond that to the dark towers looking down on the Embankment, a scene of domes and turrets like a picture of the East, and beside it all, like a piece of ivory from which the eye can hardly turn away, is the Foreign Office, serene as if it had no trouble in the world.

When we were there Big Ben was striking midnight in his shining tower, and at that moment there happened an almost miraculous thing, for Nature herself joined in London's mighty spectacle and sent a meteor down which broke and seemed to fall into the lake. It was London's bed-time.

REVENUE IDEAS

MILLIONS FOR THE TREASURY

A Few Suggestions for Helping to Balance the Next Budget

SMALL BURDENS ALL ROUND

Economy is in the air and is indeed thrust upon the nation by circumstances over which we have no control.

That being so, it might be well worth the while of the National Government to consider the following suggestions, some of which would raise a very considerable amount of revenue. They are not made in criticism of steps already announced.

A Halfpenny On Letters

This would be an effective means of enabling every person to make a conscious contribution to the national revenue at a time when money is badly wanted. By raising the letter transmission fee from 1½d to 2d we should obviously add a fourth to that part of the postal revenue which is most fruitful. This would yield the Chancellor many millions, probably £7,000,000 a year.

Of course everybody would know that the extra halfpenny was a contribution in time of need and that it would cease when trade improved. It would be a tax as widely distributed and as easily borne as any tax that could be imposed.

Tax Outdoor Advertisements

Here, again, is a very fruitful field for gaining revenue. We do not suggest that any owner of a shop or other business premises should be debarred from advertising *his own* business upon it, but we do suggest that every outdoor advertisement should be taxed unless it relates to the business carried on in the building which displays it. This advertisement tax should cover all the advertisements which disfigure town and country on hoardings, and it would apply to the growing custom of letting out the sides and roofs of houses for advertising. It is difficult to estimate the yield of such a tax, but there is no doubt that it would be very great.

Tax Petrol Stations

The taxation of petrol stations would not only yield a great deal of revenue but would put a salutary check on the multiplication of Aunt Sallys which is fast turning the countryside into a circus. In so far as the tax reduced petrol stations it would be a great economy, for the vast number of such places is exceedingly wasteful, apart from any question of disfigurement. The yield to the revenue would be an excellent one, and the tax should be considerable, not less than £10 a year, plus ten shillings for each pump used.

More From Receipt Stamps

At present receipts for sums over £2 have to bear a 2d stamp to make them legal documents. In an enormous number of cases receipt stamps are not used and the Treasury loses revenue which it badly needs. There ought to be an enforcement of the law and also the law should be altered. It would be quite equitable to make a graduated scale of receipt duties beginning with 2d for sums of £2 and working up to, say, 20s on large sums. Possibly some such scale as 2d from £2 to £10, 3d up to £20, 4d up to £50, 6d up to £100, and so on, would make an equitable levy.

Increase Wireless Licences

We suggest that the wireless licence is the cheapest thing in the world, and that the B.B.C. is well worth another ten shillings a year from everybody. In our opinion it would be no hardship to double the present licence fee in almost all cases, and to make the fee £2 for all houses with a certain rental value. This would yield the Treasury several millions.

WHO GOES SHORT?

The Women of South Wales

A MONUMENT TO MOTHERS

By a Travelling Correspondent

A town in South Wales has been looking itself in the face.

What effect is continued unemployment having on us? It has asked itself. The visiting nurses have reported that it means that the mothers go short. When there is not quite enough to eat the father must have plenty, because if he should find work he must be strong enough to do it; and the children must have all they need because they must grow up and be healthy in the future. So, naturally enough, Mother says "No, thank you, I have had enough."

Many of the mothers of the South Wales coal-mining districts have been saying this for five years or more, and the result is, the nurses say, that after an illness they recover far more slowly than they used to do.

A Fisherman's Wife

Throughout South Wales, as elsewhere, every town and village has a monument to its heroes, but one rarely sees a monument to mothers. There is one in a small village in Brittany. People do not speak of it much. They only ask you "Have you seen it?"

Instead of a statue of the soldier or the sailor who went to defend his country this village has put up a stone figure of the mother who watched them go, looking in vain for their return, as she has so often looked for the return of her husband from the sea. She is a simple fisherman's wife in a full-gathered skirt and a broad bonnet, but her face has a nobility one does not forget.

The heroism of mothers is rarely spectacular; it prompts few monuments. The Breton folk who erected this one are an imaginative people, racially related to the Welsh. May it not come about that when the long sad story of continued unemployment comes to an end the people of South Wales will make some thing of beauty to express their recognition of that long-enduring sacrifice of the mothers which the visiting nurses alone have had the opportunity to realise?

SELLING A VETERAN

The Charles Dibdin

A heroic story is recalled by the news that the Deal lifeboat Charles Dibdin is to be sold.

During the war the American steamer Piave was wrecked in a raging blizzard. The Deal lifeboat went to her help, but was obliged to stand by her for two days and nights before it was possible to get the 29 people on the Piave aboard the lifeboat. All that time the gale was raging, and the lifeboatmen had no food. It was a magnificent vigil that Deal will not forget.

Therefore Deal is mourning at the thought that the Lifeboat Institution has decided to sell the veteran boat. It has saved 443 lives in 24 years. But Deal knows well enough that the latest and best of boats is necessary for rescue work from the Goodwin Sands and the Channel. Moreover, boats may come and boats may go, but the heroic spirit of the lifeboatmen goes on unchanged for ever.

The Charles Dibdin was named, of course, after the poet who wrote so many songs of the sea. One of them is the famous poem of The Sailor's Consolation. Two men are talking at sea in a storm and one is sorry for those in danger on the land:

Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in!
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in!
Poor creatures, how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

Founder of the Electric Age

WHAT MICHAEL FARADAY DID FOR YOU

One Man's Work for the Happiness and Prosperity of All the World

A GENTLEMAN OF THE FAMOUS VICTORIAN ERA

MEN of science all over the world are celebrating the centenary of one of the greatest discoveries made by an Englishman, and the Royal Institution where Michael Faraday spent his working life is holding festival.

While experimenting with two wires, one electrified and one not electrified, Faraday's keen eyes noticed a momentary movement of his galvanometer needle when the current started from the battery, and another, equally brief, but in the opposite direction, when the current was stopped. He called these flickers of the needle induced currents, and went on experimenting until he established the fact that electricity could be excited by magnetism.

Thus was born the Electric Age in which we live, and today all men are paying homage to the man who made it possible exactly a hundred years ago.

A Bookseller's Errand Boy

Who was this wondrous man Michael Faraday? He was born at Newington Butts, London, on September 22, 1791. His father, a Yorkshireman, was a blacksmith, and Michael began his career as an errand boy in the service of a bookseller. Here he remained until he was 21, reading, experimenting in electricity with home-made apparatus, attending popular lectures, making friends, and laying the foundations not only of his wonderful intellectual equipment but of that beautiful character which endeared him to all.

His career may be said to have turned upon a pretty accident. One of his master's customers, who happened to be a member of the Royal Institution and found the young man poring over an article on electricity in an encyclopedia he was binding, gave the lad tickets for the lectures which Davy was delivering at the Royal Institution.

Faraday has left on record what the result was. He took careful notes at the lectures, copied them into a book, and sent them to Sir Humphry Davy, asking him to see him. Davy, who was just starting for a holiday, carefully considered the notes, realised that their writer had an exceptional grip of his subject, and promised to see him later.

Davy's Greatest Discovery

It all happened in the manner of the fairy story. Faraday was getting into his humble bed one night when there was a knock at the door, and, lo! the splendid carriage of Davy was there. A servant in livery handed the apprentice a note, bidding him wait upon the great man the next morning. Davy engaged him at 25s. a week as an assistant, and he used to say, when congratulated on his own immense achievements, "My best discovery was Michael Faraday."

Faraday soon came to assist his master in his lectures; shared the perils of the laboratory when Davy was conducting his epoch-marking discoveries; and when Davy went abroad accompanied him as secretary. On returning to London Faraday plunged into new and unsounded depths of science. He made a number of important discoveries in chemistry and when Davy retired in 1827 succeeded him as Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, with which he was connected for 54 years.

He refused the Presidency of the Royal Society and that of the Royal Institution; he refused what might have been a fortune in commercial pursuits, and at first declined a pension offered in contemptuous terms by Lord Melbourne, whose attitude was typical of the low esteem in which science and learning were held in those days.

When Melbourne realised that he had a really great and noble man, as well as a mere scientist, to deal with, he apologised in the handsomest way, and made it possible for Faraday to accept a Civil List pension of £300 a year, to which in due course was added a house at Hampton Court, where he died in 1867.

Faraday's labours ranged over a great part of the domain of chemistry, electricity, and magnetism. He kept a record of his experiments, each numbered. The last is numbered 16,041.

From his work resulted the electric telegraph and telephone, and a myriad applications of electricity and electromagnetism which today are among the greatest driving forces of civilised communities. His experiments with chlorine crowned the work of Davy and presented a gift of unparalleled riches to our textile industries.

Faraday was among the pioneers in the creation of steel alloys, and from one of his first successes caused a razor to be made which Tyndall used to the end of his days. His study of optics paved the way to great improvements in the manufacture of glass and in the illuminating of lighthouses. Photography is traceable to his investigation of the vapourisation of mercury at an even temperature; his liquefaction of gases has been fruitful of many subsequent discoveries.

Discoveries Innumerable

Acoustics, the conservation of forces, the application of induced electricity to the firing of mines, lighthouses, telegraphy, and so on; the electro-ionic composition of matter; the identity of various forms of electricity, whether from an eel or a battery; the equivalents in electro-chemical decomposition, electro-static induction, hydro-electricity, magnetic rotary polarisation, and so on through an almost inexhaustible list, these are among the discoveries that make his name immortal and his labours the foundation of electrical science.

Faraday was not only a great and successful discoverer in the untrodden ways of science; he carried a vast host of discerning disciples with him. He inspired with zeal a generation which worthily carried on the work that he had begun. He had the supreme gift of making the dry bones of science live.

The Chemistry of a Candle

Some of his lectures, such as that on the chemistry of a candle, still sell, and remain models of what the scientific lecture should be, and his volume on chemical manipulation is still a classic.

In private life Faraday was gentle, affectionate, charitable, trustful yet discerning, an unswerving friend, a very present help in trouble to those still struggling up the ladder of learning. He once summed up his career in these noble words:

I am no discoverer, but simply one of a vast crowd of workers scattered over the Earth, who, in the providence of God are vested with some portion of the Divine afflatus, and appointed to show forth His mercy and loving-kindness in conferring fresh benefits on His people, the varied merits of such agents being evinced in the comparative zeal and self-sacrifice with which they carry out the mission entrusted to them.

We do not wonder that one of his biographers adds this glowing tribute to this great man:

Faraday was one of that long line of scientific men, beginning with the savants of the East, who brought to the Redeemer the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of their adoration.

UNEMPLOYMENT PAY

Saving Without Suffering

THE FALL IN PRICES

The Prime Minister in his speeches and letters has drawn attention to the very important fact that the proposed reduction in unemployment pay only brings its recipients back to the position they were in two years ago. We should all remember that.

Every housekeeper who keeps accounts will find that this is a perfectly accurate statement for all the essential needs of life. From year to year money changes in value. In one year we can buy more or less with our Pound Note than in another year. A partial failure in the world's harvests, wool-clip, cotton fields, and so on, will bring about this changed value of money.

The Workman's £100

Let us see how things have changed in this respect in recent years. If we suppose a working family to spend £100 in 1914 the following figures show the sums required to buy as much at different periods:

What £100 would buy for a workman's family in 1914 cost

In 1920	£255	In 1926	£170
In 1921	£222	In 1929	£163
In 1922	£184	In 1931	£145

These are deeply interesting and important figures.

Looking back at our own particular crisis we are all bound to realise that the Prime Minister was resolved to save the crash of the pound, and, to avoid inflating the currency, saved our credit before the world and warded off a disaster which would soon have led to the unemployed man's shillings becoming pence so far as buying bread was concerned.

What Might Have Been

Not only the unemployed but all workers in every sphere of life would have been involved in the financial trouble, for there would have been wholesale runs on banks and the selling of Government securities to obtain the best prices possible in falling values. There would have been depression, confusion, and a state of chaos such as has only once occurred in recent times on a large scale in this country. That was during the first two weeks of the war. Those days we have forgotten, because we are ashamed of the selfish greed displayed by many people, and we prefer to remember the wave of patriotic feeling which swept the country at the same time.

Many ill-advised people have been declaring that the present crisis was engineered by financiers; a Banker's Ramp is the phrase they use. It has proved to be no such thing. It was (we speak humbly) a shock and a humiliation for a great country like ours to be compelled, for its own credit's sake, to go cap in hand to other nations and ask for help out of the financial distress which our own lack of foresight and extravagance had created.

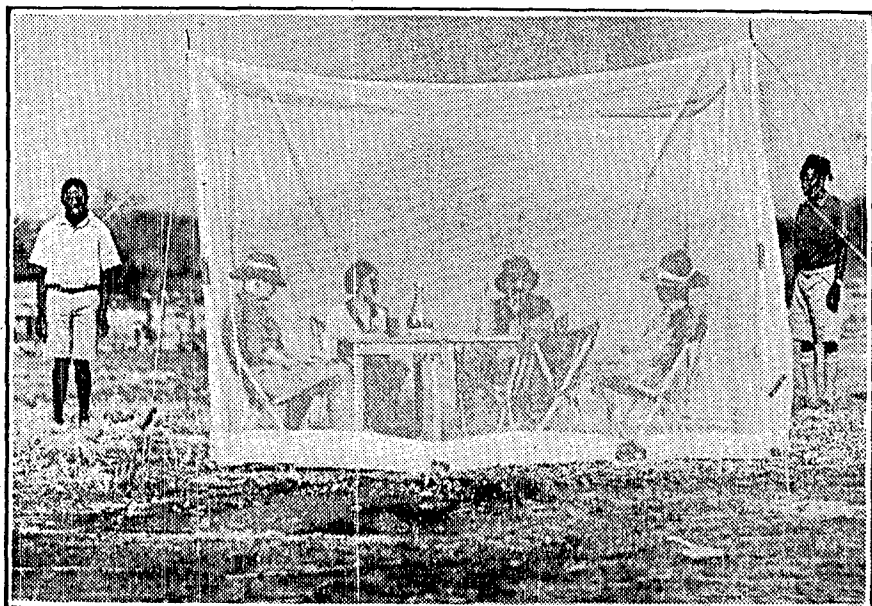
AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN CHINA

There is one Englishwoman who is revered in China to the highest degree, Mrs Adelaide Anderson, who was one of our four first women factory inspectors.

From 1923 she has served the Chinese people with honour in the intervals of her chosen work. Now she is invited, with a French colleague, to help in the working of the new Chinese Factory Act.

It will be a hard task; but this small white-haired lady has enthusiasm and endurance very surprising to those who see her. Her knowledge of Chinese domestic affairs is as profound as her understanding of our own problems, and Mr Kung, Industrial Minister, knows that no one can give him sounder advice.

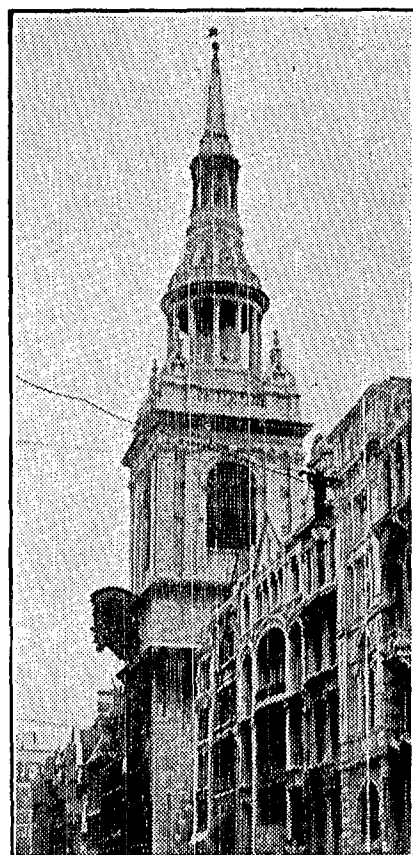
THE MOSQUITO TENT • HOME OF BOW BELLS • A PORTRAIT FIGUREHEAD



Free From Attack—Mosquitoes are among the white man's greatest enemies in warm climates. When a party of Americans who were photographing big game in Northern Uganda came to a halt for meals they rested free from mosquito attack inside this airy tent.



Topsy Turvy—Going through the rope rings head first was not one of the easiest obstacles to overcome in a race for girls during a recent sports meeting at Sudbury in Middlesex. To the competitors the world must have seemed to be upside down.



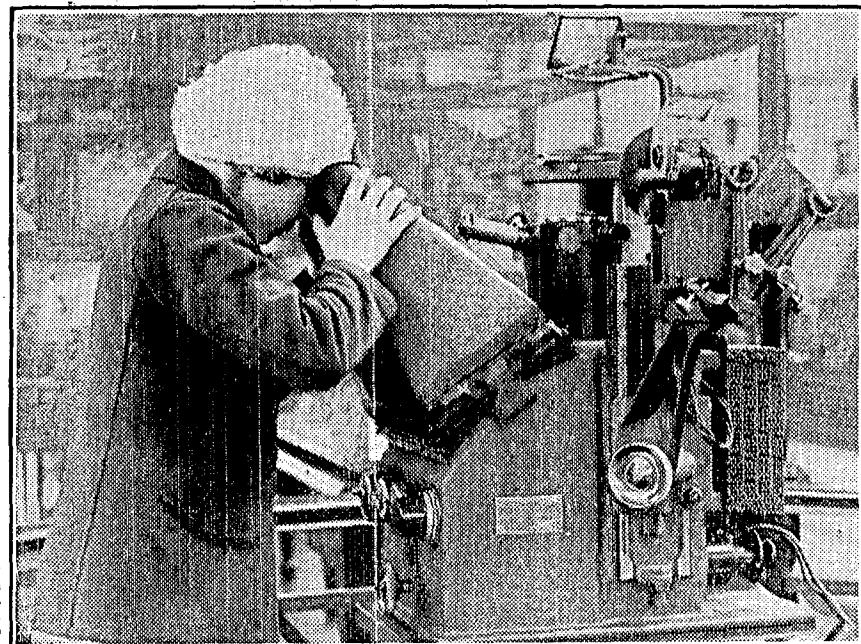
St Mary-le-Bow—Here is Wren's beautiful tower which encloses the famous Bow Bells. The church is now closed for repairs.



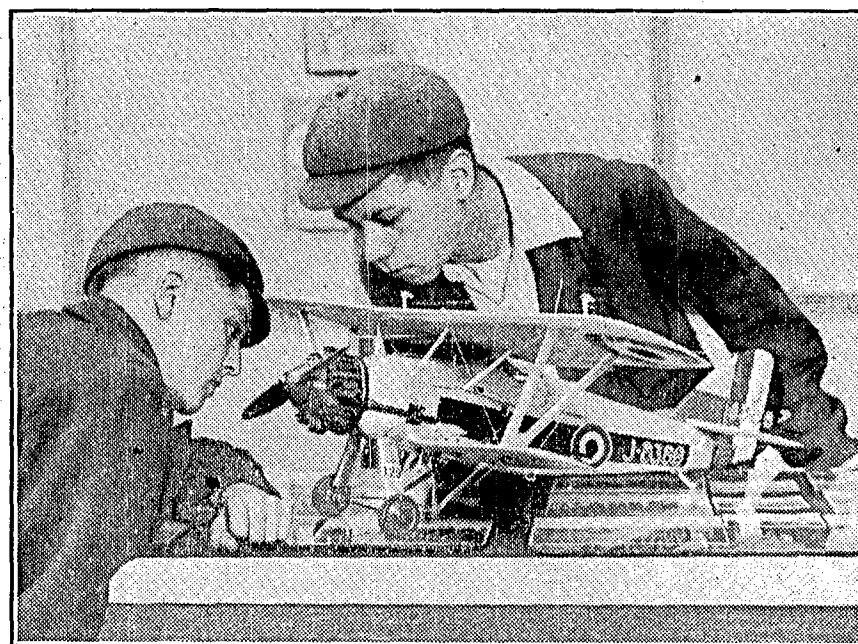
At the Show—These two girls, Beryl and Diana Bonner, make a charming picture with their ponies which they entered in the children's class of the show at Bicester.



Portrait Figurehead—The figurehead of the old schooner M. R. Kirby is the effigy of the vessel's builder and first owner.



A Scientific Peep-Show—This girl is looking through a projection microscope at the exhibition of optical instruments in the Science Museum at South Kensington.



The Experts—A splendid model of a Siskin aeroplane was one of the exhibits that fascinated boys in the Model Engineering Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall.

WATCHERS IN THE PARKS

SOME QUEER THINGS THEY SEE

The Useful Litter Lout and the Swan That Wrecked a Yacht

FIVE YEARS IN A LETTER-BOX

At three o'clock in the afternoon Kensington High Street and the neighbouring streets are crowded with motor-cars and buses and people. What more unlikely place in which to see a wild duck leading her family of two-day-old ducklings?

Mrs Duck had nested in the grounds of Holland House, where there is no pond, so she set out to find one. After braving the perils of the traffic she and her little ones arrived safely at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.

London's Many Kinds of Birds

This remarkable procession is one of the many delightful incidents in a little book published by the Stationery Office at sixpence—the annual report of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in Royal Parks.

The book contains the observations of bird-watchers in the various parks, and the Londoner who reads it will be surprised at the number and variety of birds that make their home in the capital or pay it a fleeting visit.

We learn, too, that even the Litter Lout can be useful. At Hampton Court a moorhen was found sitting on a nest made of lunch-papers left by thoughtless visitors. Bits of string had been used to keep the papers together, and from this remarkable nest five little moorhens were hatched. It was at Hampton Court also that two boys were employed to march up and down in the gardens and make a noise to prevent the moorhens and sparrows from making a meal of the crocuses.

A Deer's Strange Lunch

There were two remarkable happenings in Bushey Park. A swan attacked a model yacht which a boy was sailing, broke the mast, and sat on the wreck until it sank. And a deer which was wading in the Diana Pond suddenly snatched at a duckling and swallowed it.

One of the most interesting reports is that on Richmond Park, a very happy hunting-ground for birds. This great area has been very carefully observed by Mr J. Rudge Harding, who is nearly seventy. One day he found that a duckling had unaccountably moved from one pond to another. It had been put there by an exasperated angler because it had persistently tried to eat his bait!

Mr Harding also mentions that for five years a pair of great tits have nested in a letter-box at the Petersham Gate of the park.

FOUR MILES TO A CHURCH IN VAIN

The Shut Door at Fring

Our notes on locked churches have brought us many examples from different parts of the country.

Usually it is possible to find the key, though often after much trouble; but one lady writes from Norfolk to say that she and her sister walked four miles to see the church at Fring, spent an hour in pursuit of the key, and in the end had to go away without seeing the church.

The sexton's wife had one key, but was out at work; the gamekeeper's wife had another, but had been forbidden to lend it. There was nothing to be done, and the two ladies walked sadly out of Fring.

We long for the day when our churches will be open to all, and in the meantime we beg that at least the key may be kept somewhere handy, as is always possible.

TOM AND NELLY LYNX RASCALS WHO TEASE THEIR KEEPERS

The End of Maggie, the Mother of the Zoo

A LIVE TEDDY BEAR

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Many members of the cat tribe exhibited at the Zoo give the impression that nothing can make them take kindly to captivity, and until recently the Northern lynx has always figured prominently among these embittered felines.

The lynxes have invariably been noted for their bad temper, and except when teased into making an exhibition of rage have spent their days sulking in their sleeping-boxes or gazing into space with an expression of bored melancholy on their faces.

They hated both visitors and keepers alike, and although they allowed the keeper to enter their den to clean it he could not approach them, and the relations between the man and his charges were clouded by suspicion and distrust on each side.

Comedians of the Zoo

Now, happily, the Zoo has two Northern lynxes that seem perfectly contented. They are called Tom and Nelly, and they came from Tibet a few months ago. They live in a good-sized outdoor den in the Small Mammal House, and not only are they docile and amiable but so playful that they provide visitors with a good entertainment, and might almost be numbered among the Zoo's comedians.

Every morning when the keeper enters their den to clean it Nelly and Tom tease him. They upset his pail of water, they steal his mop and carry it to the top of one of the branches with which their den is furnished. They seize his broom when he tries to sweep, and he only recovers one of his possessions to find that he has lost another.

In the afternoon they doze, and finally they play football with their evening meal.

As they like to be stroked, Tom and Nelly have made many friends, who often bring them pieces of meat.

Tom accepts the present with one paw, while with the other he gently pushes his mate into the background and holds her there till he has successfully disposed of the tit-bits, thereby asserting himself master of the den.

Four Bundles of Brown Wool

Another delightful attraction is provided by four brown bear cubs.

These infants are about four months old; their fur is woolly, and they are only the size of a small terrier—or a big Teddy bear. At present they are tame enough to play with their visitors, but, alas! as bears are rarely trustworthily acquaintances it is impossible to guarantee that they will remain Zoo pets for long. Probably, like many young bears sent to the Zoo, they will soon develop symptoms of uncertain temper.

The Zoo has had the misfortune to lose another favourite—the old giraffe Maggie, known as the Mother of the Zoo because she was the oldest animal in the menagerie. Born in the Gardens in September, 1907, Maggie was immensely popular with young and grown-up visitors, and all her friends will be grieved to hear that the 24-year-old giraffe has died of pneumonia.

SHARING PROFITS

The Ministry of Labour tells us that there are nearly 500 British firms who practise profit-sharing.

There are roundly 500,000 workers employed by these 500 firms and last year about half of them obtained benefit by the profit-sharing schemes. The amount divided was not very great, being nearly £10 per man in the year.

THE TERRIBLE HEAP OF GOLD

1000 MILLIONS

The Madness of the Policy of the World's Richest Country

PILING UP USELESS WEALTH

The amount of gold now held by the United States is said to exceed a thousand million pounds.

This enormous hoarding, which is worse than useless, has caused distress not only to the world at large but to America herself. It has been largely piled up since the war. In the last two years the inflow of gold into America has been very great. Here are the official American figures.

In 1929 America imported £120,000,000 worth of gold. In 1930 the net import was £278,000,000. Thus in two years America received from the world at large nearly £400,000,000 worth of gold.

Securities as Well as Gold

This enormous receipt of the precious metal (which is, of course, the basis of the money standards of the chief countries) rose because America, by levying enormous duties on foreign goods, refused to receive payment in goods for her exports and the War Debts and Reparations due to her.

In War Debts and Reparations alone she draws roundly £50,000,000 a year. It is this sum which President Hoover has temporarily stopped by the Debts Holiday.

Moreover, America is an exporter of many things which the world must have, as, for example, copper and cotton. When she refuses to take payment for such things in goods she compels the world to pay in gold or in securities.

Poverty Amid Vast Wealth

America in 1930 drew not only £278,000,000 worth of gold from the world but about £700,000,000 worth of securities.

Wise Americans are increasingly realising that their policy is injuring themselves. America has now from two to three times as many unemployed as we have, yet she is the richest country in the world. What a melancholy reflection upon human wisdom! We have here the spectacle of a great nation, possessing at one and the same time a thousand million pounds' worth of gold, and probably eight million unemployed workpeople who are not even provided with unemployment benefit.

WHO MAKES THESE THINGS?

Instruments of Torture For Babies

Two horrible objects have been enclosed in a letter to the Editor. They are shaped like long tin-tacks and as sharp, and are painted yellow.

Perhaps that does not sound very horrible, but when we add that they are the eyes of a stuffed toy given to a baby to play with, it is possible to realise what a terrible danger they represent.

It is possible to get animal toys with eyes made of some soft material, but most of the cheap stuffed toys have these imitation eyes like nails, which can be pulled out easily with fearful consequences.

It seems incredible that firms should put such things on the market, but while they do so we can only warn mothers to be on the look-out against them, as they must always be against that other danger to childhood, the Celluloid Toy.

DOES YOUR KINEMA USE THE SAFETY FILM?

SEVEN MILES A PENNY

ITALIANS SEEING THEIR COUNTRY

A Very Queer English Cheap Fare Joke

HOW THEY GO FROM X TO LONDON

The Italian State railways have successfully arranged a series of cheap excursions to enable poor Italians to see their own beautiful country. The fares come to only a penny for seven miles.

As a consequence of this the excursion trains are besieged by the eager people, and the officials have had the greatest difficulty in dealing with the new traffic. Queues are formed at the stations and people wait for hours, and even all night, to take advantage of these cheap excursions.

We understand that these excursions are not run at a loss, although the fares are so low. This makes us wonder whether more cannot be done in England to promote cheap travel. Quantity tells in railway work as in other things, and a full train can be run on cheap fares. There has been a certain extension of cheap ticket privileges in recent years, but has it gone far enough?

Two Tickets When One Would Serve

The most absurd anomalies arise in connection with the existing cheap fares. In one case near London a cheap day ticket can only be purchased at a certain station, which we will call X, on one day in the week. Curiously, however, every day a cheap ticket can be purchased at that station to a junction, which we will call Y, half-way to London, while from that junction cheap tickets are used every day to London. Therefore, the good people of X buy first a cheap ticket from X to Y, get out at Y, and buy another cheap ticket to complete their journey to London!

This sounds like a joke, and it is one. The joke becomes even funnier when we complete the story by saying that the officials at Y know of the practice, and indeed appoint an official with cheap tickets to serve the passengers from X when they jump out of the train to buy their continuation tickets. Why, then, does not the company end the farce by issuing cheap tickets every day from X to London?

BRAMWELLS AND GOODMAN'S

The Bramwell family have been sextons at the Parish Church of Chapel-en-le-Frith in Derbyshire for 300 unbroken years.

Panels recording this have been unveiled at the 706th anniversary service of the church. Colonel Goodman, whose family connection with the church goes back for centuries, presented the happy holder of the office with an inscribed grandmother clock. He said the first Bramwell was sexton when 1500 Scottish soldiers were imprisoned in the church, and 50 were left behind to be buried in the churchyard. The family had also seen the overthrow of the church and its restoration.

THIRD-CLASS SLEEPERS

The neglect of sleeping accommodation for third-class railway passengers is an old grievance with the travelling public, and the question has been raised over and over again in the House of Commons.

We are glad to see, therefore, that the North-Eastern Railway Company has constructed ten new third-class railway sleepers, fitted with special bolster springs to make them smooth running. There are rubber pads between the body and steel underframe. There are good lighting and ventilation and a reading lamp at the head of each bed. The heating is by steam.

THE EYE OF THE FISH

WONDERS OF THE GIANT FOMALHAUT

Ancient Races That Imagined Pictures in the Sky

ONE OF THE NEAREST STARS

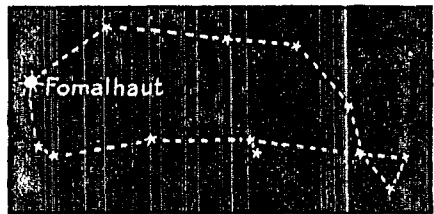
By the C.N. Astronomer

Low down in the southern sky, late in the evening, a bright star may be seen. It is unmistakable, for it appears quite alone and is due south between 11 o'clock and midnight, when it is at its highest point above the horizon.

This is Fomalhaut, the star which constitutes the eye of the Southern Fish, Piscis Australis.

It is a constellation composed of a number of rather faint stars arranged somewhat in the form of a fish, as shown in the star-map.

Unlike most other small southern constellations this Southern Fish is of



The stars of the Southern Fish

great antiquity and was originally part of the more northerly Zodiac constellation of Pisces, the Fishes, two in number, which are to the north-east of Aquarius, the Water Bearer, described in the C.N. a fortnight ago.

From remote times it has been usual to represent Aquarius as pouring a great stream of water out of a celestial water-jar into the mouth of this fish, the stream being represented by rows of faint stars.

We see in this a symbolic rendering of the Man with the Water-Jar providing the rain to supply water for the fishes, and incidentally for the rivers, being symbolised by the long constellation of the River Eridanus, which in ancient times took its rise from the great water-jar of Aquarius.

We thus see how it is that the ideas of the most ancient peoples have been handed down to us. The story of the constellations is a long and wonderful symbolical record of the annual cycle of events in those far-off days. The strange figures of the constellations are as a rule but emblematic of them, supplied by all manner of peoples from prehistoric races to ancient Chaldeans, Babylonians, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Chinese, Arabs—in fact, ancient races generally.

Fomalhaut, though so low down in our sky, shines overhead in Australia and South Africa, where it may be seen in its full glory.

Speeding 900 Miles a Minute

It is an immense sun, radiating nearly fourteen times more heat and light than our Sun; but it is 1,524,000 times as far away, and so appears much smaller. It is getting farther off at the average rate of about 420 miles a minute, travelling in a south-easterly direction at 900 miles a minute.

In the course of long ages it will not be visible from England. How long this will take may be inferred from the fact that it appears to travel a distance equal to the apparent width of the Moon in about 6000 years.

The light from this great sun takes only 24 years to reach us, so that Fomalhaut is one of the nearer stars to us. About only six of the bright stars ordinarily visible are nearer, so that this Sirian type of sun, enveloped in a colossal fire-mist chiefly composed of incandescent hydrogen, is really part of what is usually known as our Solar Cluster of suns.

G. F. M.

RAILWAY BARGAINS

The Weekly Season Idea

The railways, it seems, are acquiring the Sales habit. They now offer autumn bargains in the shape of cheap holiday tickets up to November 1.

The bad weather of this unfortunate summer has hit the railways severely, and in the hope that there may be a fine autumn they have extended the cheap "holiday return tickets" for a month. The holiday season tickets give unlimited travel for a whole week, and vary in price according to the area covered from 7s 6d to 15s, third-class. Thus in Southern England there are 17 holiday areas, in each of which one can travel about as one pleases, using any station, for very small inclusive charges. In addition to these seven-day seasons there are plenty of cheap week-end and day tickets which are just the thing for the modern Rambler.

One criticism the C.N. has to offer. Seeking to give away a season ticket for a week to the Crystal Palace from Wednesday to Wednesday, we found that we must buy two, as a week's ticket is not for seven days but for a calendar week. But why not for any seven days?

ERIC LIDDELL COMES HOME

Eric Liddell, the world's champion sprinter at the Olympic Games a few years ago, who has been a missionary on the staff of the London Missionary Society's Anglo-Chinese College at Tientsin for six years, has just come home.

He told a C.N. friend who saw him that, much as he wanted to do some more running now he is back, he is afraid it will be impossible, for the year he is to be away from China is not a holiday, but a time of hard work. He is taking a theological course of study for his educational diploma.

"Our Chinese students at Tientsin are developing fast in athletics," he said; "though they are not yet up to Olympic standard. At present they lack the right combination of speed and stamina. But they are shaping particularly well at long and high jumping and the hurdles, for they have plenty of elasticity of muscle. Their best game is basket ball, though some are making good footballers and baseball players. We do not try to teach cricket, for you cannot play a good game on a matting pitch which is all we can use at Tientsin."

MOTORIZING AND THE SLUMP

The trade depression has made very little impression on motoring.

The number of motor-vehicles in use has actually increased, which is surprising. The only effect of the slump on this branch of activity is the fact that a rather smaller number of new motor-vehicles was registered in June as compared with June last year. Even so, however, this June no fewer than 23,849 new motor-cars, motor-cycles, and lorries were registered.

THE END OF A STOUT PIECE OF WORK

Many thousands of people all over the country will be sorry to miss the pleasure steamer Glencoe from the Clyde. She is to be broken up.

She was built as far back as 1846, a paddle-steamer of the old school. Her engines are the old vertical direct-acting type, very few of which are still in use, and they have been given to the Glasgow Corporation to add to their historic collection.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bazaine	Bah-zane
Calabozo	Kah-lah-vo-so
Eridanus	Erid-an-us
Fomalhaut	Fo-mal-ho
Meiktila	Make-til-lah

THE LITTLE POMERANIAN

Fainting in a Zoo

A little Pomeranian dog was trotting along beside its owner in the Zoological Gardens at Perth in Australia when, turning a corner, a white Polar bear confronted them on the other side of a barrier.

The dog gave one glance of terror and collapsed in a faint.

We do not as a rule associate fainting fits with animals, but there is no doubt that their nervous systems react to sudden shocks as do our own.

A typical instance of this is seen in the scorpion, which is supposed to sting itself to death when surrounded by a ring of fire. It neither stings itself nor does it sham death. It faints.

Spiders and many insects do the same, and the fascination to which animals are subjected by their deadly foes is a form of immobility of the nervous system due to sudden fright.

A shock will often cause a momentary stoppage of the heart's action. This stoppage causes a faint, and this is what happened to the little Pomeranian at the Perth Zoo.

BARTER

The American Judge's Way

The difficulties of the trade situation have an amusing side. From the United States, where barter is becoming popular, a story comes of marriage fees being paid in produce.

It is said that Judge Lieder of Kentucky offers to perform the ceremony of marriage for any couple who will pay his customary fees with two bushels of grain or fruit!

As an interesting epilogue to the first barter wedding Judge Lieder gave the two bushels of produce to the poor. As they are said to have consisted of peaches we wonder how the division was made.

THE LOST POCKET-KNIFE

In the Very Long Ago someone of the Stone Age lost his pocket-knife on little Solsbury Hill outside Bath.

A geologist who was searching for a prehistoric rubbish-heap has now come across it. It has a cutting blade, and is notched like a saw. It measures about four inches, and the handle was left rough for the grip. It is still able to sharpen a pencil.

The geologist found his treasure lying among flint arrow-heads, the teeth of elks and other beasts of the chase. He was delighted with it, and took it away with him to his home at Boston, Massachusetts.

WHO WAS INIGO JONES?

Born July 15, 1573. Died June 21, 1652.

Like many another genius this great architect began his career in unpromising circumstances.

His father was so poor that he was compelled to pay a debt by instalments of ten shillings a month. The boy was apprenticed to a carpenter, but his aptitude for drawing attracted the attention of the Earl of Pembroke, who sent him to Italy to study. He is said to have designed a palace for the King of Denmark during this trip. His first work of note in England was to design the scenery and dresses for the presentation of plays by Ben Jonson and other dramatists.

Following this came his appointment as Surveyor-General and the beginning of his architectural work. His banqueting-house in Whitehall was intended as part of an immense palace. His Lincoln's Inn Chapel, his house for the Queen at Greenwich, and many other notable buildings in the capital and the country, caused it justly to be said that "what was truly meant by the art of design was scarcely known in this kingdom until he brought it into use and esteem among us."



Always Happy and Healthy

HEALTHY and happy children are so prodigal in spending energy and vitality. Only the energy-creating elements obtained from nourishment can make good the loss. Nourishment is also essential for healthy growth—both physical and mental.

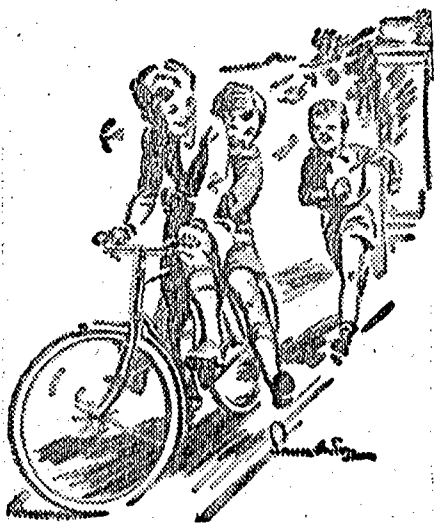
During the years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" daily, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

There is no substitute for "Ovaltine." No other food can ensure the same results, for no other food supplies, in correct proportion, the essential nutritive elements of Nature's best foods—barley malt, creamy milk and eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality. See on their cheeks that glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold in tins in three sizes.



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is the food
for this age
of energy

Because its wealth in proteins and Vitamin 'B' ensures correct nutrition and good digestion, fosters growth in the young, repairs muscular tissues in the adult and generates that abounding energy which is essential to success in every phase of modern life. Eat it at least once a day.

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Best Bakers Bake it.

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THE LEAD IN PEACE

ENGLISH-SPEAKERS SHOULD SHOW THE WAY

Striking American Suggestion for the Disarmament Conference

APPEAL TO FRENCH COMMON SENSE

As the Disarmament Conference draws nearer American opinion is crystallising in favour of a striking lead for peace.

The New York Nation, one of the most powerful journals, has just published a strong appeal for America and Britain to take that lead at the Conference and to combat French militarism in particular.

French armaments, it is argued, which are the greatest in the world and which, together with those of Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugo-Slavia, form a tremendous power organised in domination of Europe, must be met by Britain and America agreeing upon a joint programme of reduction.

A Fifty-per-Cent Cut

It is suggested that the two countries should agree on a programme covering the abolition of battleships, aircraft, submarines, and poison gas, and an immediate cut of fifty per cent on armament expenditure.

If the French refused to agree, it is suggested, America and Britain should still carry out such a policy and thus make an appeal to the French people, who, it is thought, could not fail to respond to such a gesture. The agreement of Italy is almost certain, for Italy herself has suggested the abolition of the battleship—a suggestion to which we regret that no response has been made by any Government yet.

Why France Still Arms

France desires to retain, with her four Allies in Europe, a military ascendancy to enforce the Treaty of Versailles without amendment. It is certain, however, that permanent peace in Europe cannot be brought about unless that treaty is revised. Germany has formally renounced any claim on Alsace-Lorraine, but she does hold, and there are many who agree with her, that her allotted eastern frontier does her grave injustice.

Then there is the question of the German colonies. As for Reparations, the scale of the Treaty of Versailles has already been reduced twice, first by the Dawes Plan and next by the Young Plan. Since the Young Plan was settled, however, prices have fallen so heavily that there must be further adjustment.

Whatever adjustments are proper should be made without threat of arms, and Germany has declared that she has no intention or desire to resort to arms. But France does not disguise her intention of retaining armed supremacy to prevent treaty revision.

English-Speakers Irresistible

There is much to be said, therefore, for the American suggestion that a lead should be taken to bring France to her senses. These words are written in no feeling of hostility to the French nation. Surely they are the best friends of France who point out to her that she cannot expect to maintain an armed supremacy against the world for all time. Sooner or later the hubbly must burst, and if France will not make friends outside the small group now allied with her, her position cannot long be maintained.

Moreover, if America and Britain take such a lead as the American editor suggests there is little doubt that other nations would join in the serious reductions suggested. Thus France and her particular friends would be isolated, and she could not maintain her position against the world.

Another point is that authoritative voices in America are beginning to suggest that the President should be armed with powers to use economic action against France if she continues to menace the prosperity of the world.

C. L. N.

A New Start With the New Term

Number of Members—23,121

Market Day is an important day for the thrifty housewives of France. Below we give the picture of two French children who have been sent marketing for their mother.

It is one of the series of six postcards, showing the children of the League of Nations, which are being issued for the C.L.N. by Raphael Tuck. Attached to these pictures is a competition which may mean a trip to Geneva or a bicycle to the lucky winners. All particulars may be found in the C.N. of August 22.

A C.L.N. member who read in the C.N. the notice about the library at 15, Grosvenor Crescent lost no time in



France

making use of it. He presented himself to the librarian, showed his C.L.N. badge, and asked for permission to borrow some books. Many well-known people make use of this library, but this ten-year-old boy found the librarian just as anxious to help him to choose the right books as if he had been one of the older and more distinguished visitors.

With the beginning of the new school term many boys and girls will have been moved into higher forms and will be making new friends. Here is a chance for telling them about the C.L.N., which is in real need of their help in making friendships among the nations.

Find some big wrong and hit it hard, said Abraham Lincoln. We want the help of the children of the world to hit hard at the biggest wrong of all.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Help For All Who Come—this page

FROM SWORD TO PRUNING- HOOK

There is a little auxiliary sailing ship in the import dock at Blythe called the Record Reign.

She excites much interest, but would excite still more if people knew that she was once a famous Q-boat. She was a terror to German submarines about Scilly during the war, and accounted for more than twenty of those evil ships.

Now she sails the peaceful seas of a commercial life. Her dummy bulwarks have just been removed, and she has gone into the coal trade. Her first port will be Dartmouth.

HELP FOR ALL WHO COME

ANYTHING FOR NOTHING

The Famous House of Kindness in St Bernard Pass

900 YEARS OF CHARITY

One of our travelling correspondents has been to see the famous Hospice of the monks of St Bernard in the Alps. "Everywhere else they want money," said a poor old woman; "here you can sleep, eat, drink, and pray for nothing." This is what our correspondent writes.

Bernard de Menthon, the legend runs, had distinguished himself among the canons of Aosta for his many good deeds, and had been appointed arch-deacon when a group of French pilgrims taking refuge there told a terrible tale of their sufferings in the mountains through which they had just come.

The pass, they said, was controlled by a band of brigands, who made it a rule to murder every tenth person who passed as a sacrifice to their god.

The Fall of an Idol

Bernard, deciding to put an end to all that, asked for volunteers to accompany him on an expedition to the pass. A little band of courageous souls set out, and as they approached the summit a turn in the path brought them face to face with the statue of the god who was said to demand human blood.

At this moment the brigands saw the pilgrims and began to collect their forces to descend on them from above. Bernard threw his stole about the idol and pulled it down. The brigands, seeing their god topple and fall, decided that he was no longer able to protect them and took to their heels.

Having pulled down an evil thing Bernard then set to work to put up a good one. Under his direction the hospice which stands today on the Great St Bernard Pass, between Switzerland and Italy, offering free lodging to all foot-sore travellers, was founded in the middle of the eleventh century.

A Fortune For the Poor

Baron Richard and Baroness Bernoline undertook the perilous journey to visit their son at his hospice in their old age. They were so impressed by the good work it was doing that they left the greater part of their fortune to help to provide free food and shelter to poor people crossing the mountains by this path.

The structure that St Bernard built was razed by fire some centuries ago, but the present hospice stands upon the same foundations and carries on its work in the spirit of the man who founded it.

For nearly nine hundred years no living being in need has been refused shelter, comfort, and sustenance. Those who can afford it are expected to slip something into the slot marked Gifts to the Hospice, but the poor come and go without paying, without even giving their names.

A Refuge For the Swallows

In recent years the influx of summer tourists in cars has threatened to crowd out the poor, and in order to remain true to the St Bernard tradition the monks have turned over their new building (put up in 1898) to a hotel manager, who runs it in the summer. The original hospice can thus be reserved for those who come on foot.

No living being in need is ever refused help, be he fugitive, smuggler, or honest traveller; and this rule applies to birds as well as humans.

In April and October the swallows cross the Alps. Sometimes at the top of the pass they encounter a blinding storm and a terrific wind. They fly about the hospice seeking shelter. The monks, always on the look-out for visitors, open the windows and in they fly to take pot-luck with the human travellers until the storm is past.

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 47 In Oldridge's Study

CRONSHAW paused at the door and beckoned to Trytton. When he rose Cronshaw drew him into the passage.

"Better keep your mouth shut till I return," he said. "And look here, Trytton. You've no reason to be afraid of Oldridge. He's not nearly so stiff as he seems, not by any means. So don't be scared of him. He's a white man, is Oldridge. He'll give you a fair deal. And that's all you want, isn't it?" Cronshaw ended assuringly.

Trytton whispered back, "But you don't know my proofs yet, Cronshaw?"

"No; but I'm inclined to back you," said Cronshaw. And, pushing Trytton back into the room, he hurried on his errand.

Trytton found Oldridge sitting gravely and silently getting along with his work. Monagan sat as dumb, but plunged deep in thought. He was recovering, as Trytton judged, from the shock, and mustering all his resources to put up a fight. Indeed, when Izard arrived and glanced curiously round, Monagan jumped to his feet with his old breezy manner.

"Come on, old boy!" he cried out. "Come along to the circus! You're going to hear the funniest lie ever told."

"I wish you'd keep quiet," Oldridge's calm voice cut in.

Then the door was pushed open and Cronshaw returned with Abbot. Abbot's face looked puckered and troubled, and with a slow nod to Oldridge he sat down heavily, making room for Cronshaw beside him. They were all here now. Oldridge closed the book he'd been working on.

"Well, Cronshaw?" he questioned, his restless eyes seeking them all.

Cronshaw made no reply, but looked hard at Abbot. Abbot said, with his drawl, "May I explain, Oldridge?" And when Oldridge snapped "If you like!" Abbot said, "Perhaps I'd better, because Cronshaw appears already to have taken sides."

"But in what?" frowned Oldridge. "I've no idea of the trouble yet! And before you begin, I'd like Cronshaw to tell me this: why has he bundled you all in this wild way on me? I'm fairly long-suffering, but I really don't see—"

Cronshaw had to break in. "Old chap," he said earnestly, "with all deference to Abbot, you've the longest head of the lot of us."

"You generally say that when you want something out of me, Cronshaw."

"But isn't it true?" He appealed to Abbot, who nodded, and Izard, who, stroking his long nose, growled "Perfectly true, Cron." And Cronshaw held on. "You hear, O? They all agree. We all of us feel that without your wits we'd be stuck. Why," he continued, when Oldridge showed no signs of relaxing, "when we four were youngsters—"

Oldridge held up his hand to stop him, with his half-smile on Trytton. "Thanks, Cron," he said, "but you needn't recite my dark past." Then he turned his face to Abbot. "All right. Go on, Abbot."

Abbot said, "As we came along Cronshaw told me that young Trytton had brought a pretty black charge against Monagan, something or other to do with Mark Trytton's expulsion."

"His what?" said Oldridge sharply.

"His expulsion," said Abbot. "But Cronshaw didn't want to press this himself because he said he'd made up his mind in a hurry but on second thoughts felt he was possibly unjust to Monagan."

"Yes, but wait a minute," said Oldridge, glancing at Trytton. "You calmly tell me, Abbot, that Mark was expelled. So perhaps I had better tell you something before we go on. Last September, or October, young Trytton asked me if it was true that his brother had been superannuated. I don't know where he'd got any contrary idea from—"

"I can explain that," cried Izard.

"All right. Let me finish first. He asked me as well if his brother hadn't been in a row with a ferryman? He amazed me, and I sent him off pretty brusquely. But the moment he'd gone a suspicion stirred in my mind. I remembered in what a hurry old Mark had left at the end of the term, I agree, but without any hint to us that the Head intended to superannuate him. That had struck me as strange at the time, seeing that Mark always told us four everything, but I had thought no more of it till this youngster came buzzing in. I remembered there'd been some talk of a row at the ferry."

"You were in the San when the bother happened," said Abbot.

"So you knew about it!" said Oldridge, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes; but I wasn't supposed to say," Abbot uttered.

"Naturally, the Head didn't want it advertised. But wait a minute—I'll put myself straight first," said Oldridge. He turned to Trytton. "I must put myself straight with you, Trytton. Of course I kept the suspicions you had raised to myself, and you left me alone till last term, when I happened to come across you hiding behind the linen-cupboard outside the matron's room. You remember?"

"Yes, Oldridge," said Trytton. His nervousness was fading. His thoughts had been busy with the best way of presenting his case against Monagan.

"Then you remember that after I had wiggled you for playing on the landing I dropped a hint against gossiping with old Fitch?"

"Yes," said Trytton.

"I'll tell you why. Since you'd started making me seriously uneasy about my friend's leaving I had been doing a little private inquiring of my own. I had raked out old Fitch; he told me you'd been to his quarters, and he told me, too, that he thought you were on some warpath or other. He said you couldn't do any good by it, because the case against your brother was proved. I couldn't get much more out of Fitch, for what with losing his job and one thing and another he'd been too badly cut up by the whole business. But I did get that out of him, Trytton, that the case against Mark had been proved. Then I own I had a shot at the ferry, but the new man there wouldn't utter a word."

Monagan looked up. His eyes disclosed quick satisfaction.

CHAPTER 48 Clearer Ground

TRYTTON sat watching Oldridge, who continued calmly and staidly.

"So that, Trytton, was the first I knew of your brother's expulsion. Was there any reason for confiding his expulsion to you? Certainly not. Was there any reason for not confiding in you? Yes, every reason. The Head can't have wished you to know, or he would not have given it out that Mark was superannuated. It seemed obvious that the Head wished no one to know." A smile touched Oldridge's lips. "So, Trytton," he said, "I am afraid I rather slandered old Fitch to you purely in order to keep you away from him. I wanted you to let sleeping dogs lie, for your own sake and Mark's sake."

"I understand now," said Trytton. "You remember how you insisted and tried to keep pressing me? So I warned you against making a nuisance of yourself. I warned you not to get a bee in your bonnet. It was all to stop you from making a pretty bad break, for the more you went round asking if there wasn't something fishy about Mark leaving, the more you'd make people begin to think that there was."

"Yes," said Trytton. He would say no more; the rest could keep till his time came.

Then Oldridge turned to Izard. "Well, Izard," he said, "you'd something to tell us just now?"

"Only this," said Izard in his soft voice: "I knew all the time that old Mark was expelled. And this young owl came bothering me as well with his questions. The first time I told him a lie to get rid of him."

"For the same reason as mine?"

"Why, of course," replied Izard. Then he rose and stood over Trytton, towering over him and forcing him back to his chair when Trytton jumped up. More like a stork than ever, Trytton reflected, as he stared up at the ungainly figure with its vast bony nose.

Izard cleared his throat.

"Oh, old chap," he began, "this young owl of ours is a very persistent young owl. He resembles old Mark in one way: he's no end of a stickler. And when I heard that he was bustling round with a rake, so to speak, I grew jolly anxious lest he should rake up Mark's secret. I felt a good deal responsible for Mark's secret; in fact, particularly responsible, as presently I'll explain to you. So I kept my eye well cocked in the young owl's direction. I was wondering if Mark had told him, or how much Mark had told him? For don't forget that Mark knew that I knew. Eventually I decided to sound the young owl, so I asked him plump whether Mark ever talked about myself. He told me Mark rarely mentioned Sandhill at all. If Mark had not talked

Continued on the next page

During these Years Mother Take them to the dentist often



FILM

FEW parents realize how rapidly children's teeth decay.

It's a wrong, but common, belief that baby teeth don't matter. Many systemic troubles of later years may result. Watch them—guard them constantly under your dentist's supervision.

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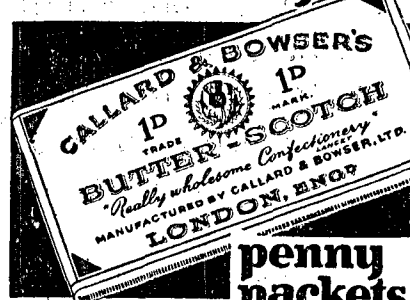
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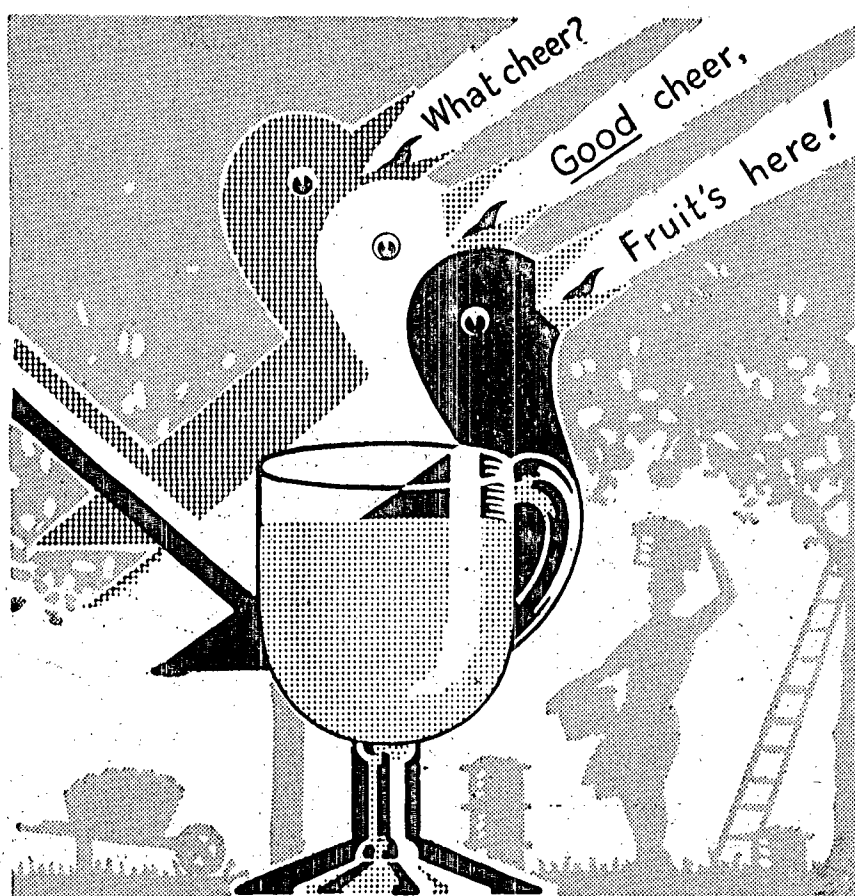
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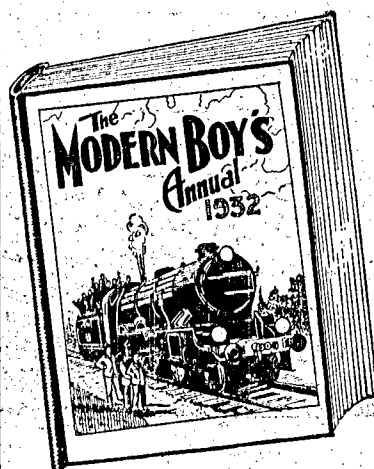
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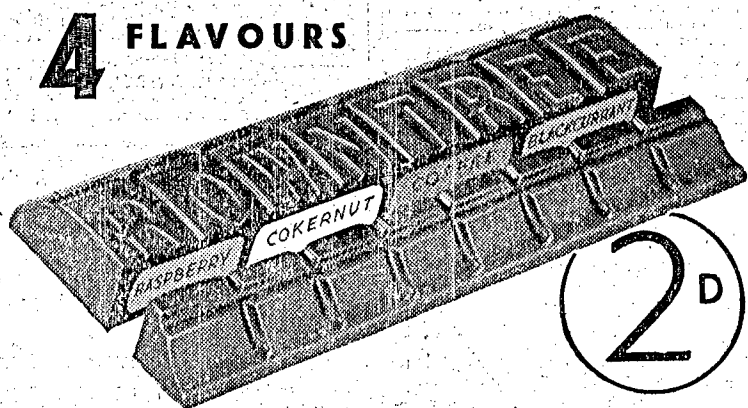
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**ROWNTREE'S 4-CENTRE
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about Sandhill he'd told this imp nothing! It was such a relief to me that I could have danced! I knew old Mark's secret was safe still."

All their eyes had been on Izard while he had been speaking. Abbot and Cronshaw now looked at him with silent amusement, but Oldridge seized at once on a word he had dropped.

"What do you mean by saying you felt particularly responsible for Mark's secret?" he asked.

"I was coming to that," said Izard, stroking his nose. "You'd have felt every bit as I did, old boy, if it had all been your doing!"

"What all?" drawled Abbot.

"The fact that our young owl ever had any suspicions. That was my fault; all my fault," growled Izard.

"I don't understand you," cried Cronshaw.

"Of course you don't," Izard said doggedly. "When young Trytton came last September he firmly believed his brother had been superannuated. Isn't that so, Trytton?"

"Yes," Trytton admitted at once.

"You hadn't the ghost of an idea to the contrary?"

"Not the slightest!" owned Trytton.

"You hear?" exclaimed Izard. "And this kid would never have known any better if a certain young idiot had not blabbed out the truth in a fit of temper. And where did that blabber get it from? He got it from me."

"Who blabbed?"

"The young ruffian who fags my study, Gosling."

"But you hadn't told him!"

"No; this is what happened. I had scarcely got back last September when I received a long letter from old Mark impressing me not to say a word about the trouble at the ferry or that he'd been expelled for it. You see, he knew that I knew."

"He wrote me the same way," said Abbot.

"Did he?" said Izard. "Good! He knew we both knew and he was anxious, I suppose, that it shouldn't get round to his brother. Well, like the mug I am, I left Mark's letter lying on my table, and, when I was out of the room, Gosling read it."

"You had no idea at the time?"

"Not likely. But later I happened to hear some day-room kids talking, and one

told the other that Gosling swore Mark was expelled. Now how on earth does Gosling know it? said I. So I taxed him. And he owned up."

"I hope that you slew him!"

"In double doses," said Izard. "The second time was after Trytton had been questioning me, when I took young Gosling behind the stables where no one could hear us, and after I'd made him repeat every word he'd told Trytton I clouted him as a token of my mis-esteem and of what he might expect unless he made up to Trytton and stopped the kids talking."

"Just so," remarked Oldridge. "So now we all know where we are; it's common ground between us that poor old Mark was expelled. Now stand up, Trytton, and tell us what you wanted to tell us about it—unless Monagan would like to speak first? Would you, Monagan?"

"No," said Monagan shortly. "I'm not concerned."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Cronshaw rushed me in here," Monagan let out a laugh. "I've made a hundred this afternoon and it's fagged me," he added. "I've got pots of Prep to do and no time to stop jawing."

"No?" drawled Abbot. "But we want your society. Cron, you might shove your leg across the door, will you?"

Monagan shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, all right!" he laughed.

Then Trytton stood in front of them and told them his story, while Monagan listened without betraying a sign. He was perfectly in control of himself again now. In the middle of the narrative he burst out with: "As it happens, I was playing cricket that day!"

When Monagan said this Trytton brought out his notes and the plug.

"But you weren't playing cricket," he answered, "at five o'clock, Monagan."

"The plug was pared after seven. That was proved!"

"No; it was only taken for granted," said Trytton; and explained his experiment.

With a glance of distaste toward Monagan Oldridge said thoughtfully:

"But what puzzles me is how you know all this, Monagan. I mean, about the plug being pared and the rest of it."

"Yes, tell us that!" Cronshaw shouted.

TO BE CONTINUED

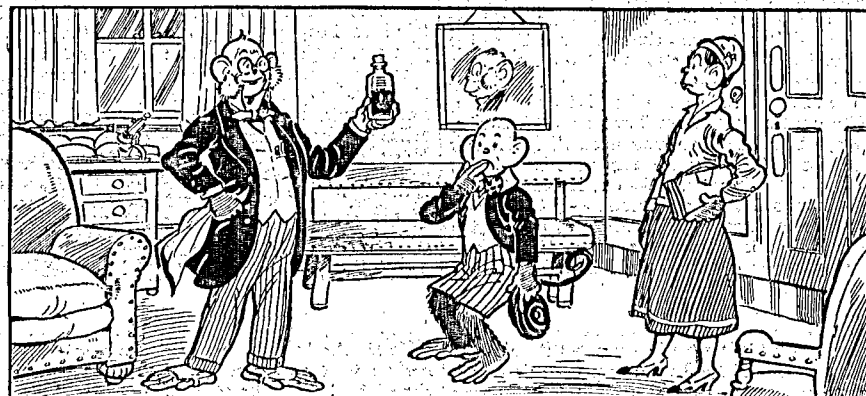
JACKO'S REST CURE

MOTHER JACKO was feeling rather worried because for some days Jacko had been looking very white.

"You'd better come along with me to see the doctor," she said one morning.

"No, thank you," retorted Jacko.

Jacko was quite ready to go now. In fact, he had hard work to curb his excitement when the old gentleman looked at his tongue and asked several questions. Suddenly he paused and gave Jacko a searching glance



Jacko could hardly believe his ears

"I hate the vile stuff that doctors give you to drink." And he slouched off angrily to his bedroom.

"I suppose I do look a bit of a guy, though," he muttered, catching sight of himself in the mirror.

The next minute he brightened up.

"Coo!" he chuckled. "I'd better go to the doctor, after all; perhaps he'll say I must have a week's holiday."

But it wasn't long before Jacko decided that a fortnight would be better still, and when no one was looking he crept into the kitchen in search of the flour bag.

When his mother saw him a little later she stared in amazement.

"Why, Jacko," she cried, "you're as pale as a ghost! We'd better go to Dr Pippin straight away."

"Humph!" he murmured. "I thought as much."

Mother Jacko was rather alarmed.

"What's the matter with him, doctor?" she asked. "Do you think he needs a few weeks' rest?"

Dr Pippin coughed quietly once or twice; then he whisked a large handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed his patient's cheeks.

"Mrs Jacko," he answered, "your boy has been rather overdoing it, I fear, and—"

Jacko's hopes mounted high, but the next second they fell so flat that he could hardly believe his ears.

"My orders are," went on the doctor, "that he must take this medicine three times a day, and have a fortnight's complete rest from pies and jam-tarts."

Delicious Fruit Pudding.

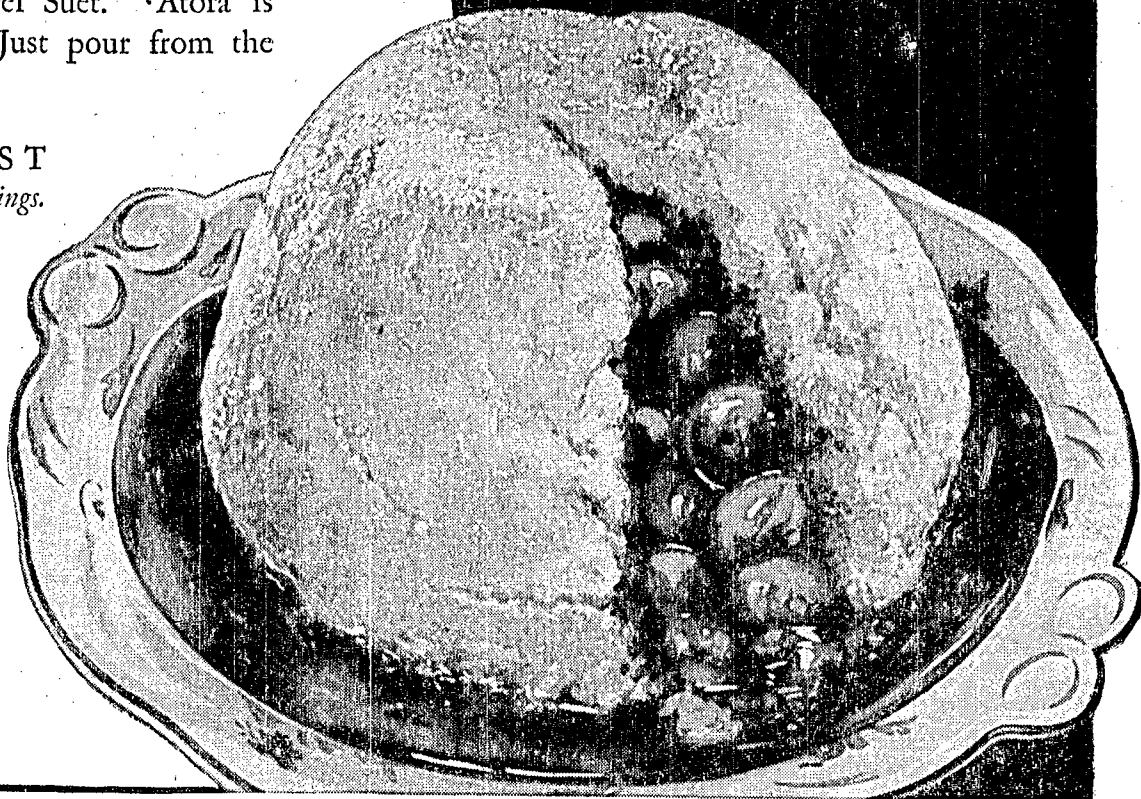
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For good or ill the destinies of millions of men, perhaps the fate of nations, are being shaped in Moscow. This is an impression of the great city by a famous traveller who has known it half a century and more and has lately been there again.

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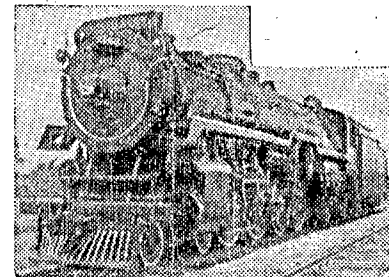
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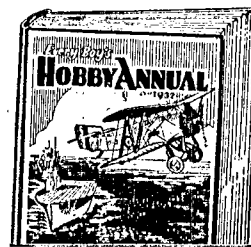
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 19, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Dividing the Field

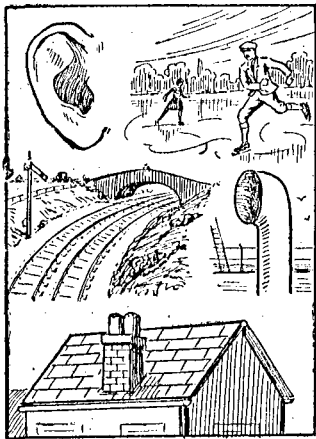
THE squire had a T-shaped field which he wished to divide up among four of his old farm hands, so that he could build them each a cottage and let them retire from service.

In order that there should be no suggestion of favouritism the squire cut up his field into four plots of equal shape and size.

How did he manage it?

Answer next week

A Pictorial Acrostic



FIND the five words represented by these pictures and write them one under another in such order that the initials spell a means of crossing the initials.

Answer next week

The Ancients Were Modern

Baths. The fact that many Roman houses had bathrooms is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to recall it, but what is not so well known is that three thousand years before the Roman empire there existed a civilisation in India which was highly cultured. Some remains of it are still to be seen, and the bathrooms in the private houses with brick-built drains are a noticeable feature.

Ici On Parle Français



Le motilier Le levrier Le jardin
Ce mobilier n'est pas à vendre.
Mon levrier a gagné trois prix.
Allons faire le tour du jardin.

Protecting the Hands

THERE are many tasks for which it is considered necessary to wear gloves to prevent the hands being soiled. But when this is inconvenient a good plan is to take a dry cake of soap and rub it well over the hands, working a little into each finger-nail.

When the work is finished a wash in plain water will reveal the hands free from stains.

The Explanation

TAKE three slips of paper all exactly alike and ask someone to give you three names so that you can write one on each slip. Perhaps he says Jack, Henry, and Thomas.

When you have written on the slips fold them up and ask your friend to take one. The other two you tear up and throw away. When your friend has looked at his slip you can surprise him by saying that it is the one on which Jack is written.

The explanation is that you have written Jack on each slip!

A Mystery

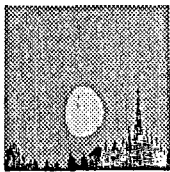
I AM a letter and a word;
I am a tree and a Christian name;
And should you me in pieces cut,
Yourself and act would be the same.
Weigh this with care, and then,
no doubt,
You'll find its simple meaning out.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Mercury are in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Tuesday, September 22



Left in the Lurch

WHEN a person is deserted in difficult circumstances he is said to have been left in the lurch. This expression from the game of cribbage means that one player has been left far behind the other. The word lurch originated with the French game of louché, which was something like backgammon.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Watch Problem

Eleven times—at twelve o'clock, between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, and so on between all the hours except between 11 and 12.

Rhyming Puzzle

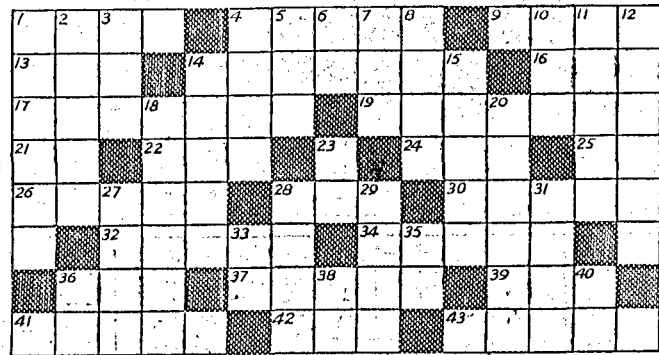
Bread, dread, said, bed; shale, quail, pale, ail; brand, stand, land, and; steal, creel, peel, eel; quill, spill, till, ill; strip, scrip, slip, rip.

A Changed Word. Wreck, crew

A Season Now Here. Football

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A tribe. 4. A store of provisions. 9. Likewise. 13. Used for propelling a barge. 14. The main root of a plant. 16. Ancient. 17. A water pipe. 19. Angry. 21. Errors Excepted.* 22. To employ. 24. Rested. 25. Electrical Engineer.* 26. Presses. 28. Small heap of sand. 30. Trenches. 32. To speak derisively. 34. To make a request. 36. Tropical tree yielding rubber. 37. Aromatic plants. 39. A song. 41. A kind of seed. 42. A step. 43. Incombustible residue.

Reading Down. 1. A joint heir. 2. A stratum. 3. A son of the tribe of Benjamin. 4. A stick. 5. Pertinent. 6. Creditor.* 7. Useful garden tool. 8. Ages. 10. A bulky piece of timber. 11. Rain and snow. 12. Queerest. 14. A cup. 15. To tread underfoot. 18. An athlete. 20. Coral islands. 23. Exists. 27. A Scandinavian capital. 28. To move the feet nimbly. 29. Corrodes. 31. A native waiting woman in the East Indies. 33. A printer's measure. 35. An afterthought.* 36. Aloft. 38. Chemical symbol for sodium. 40. You.

Dr MERRYMAN

Rapid

EXE: Is your plumber a fast worker.

WYE: Rather; he sends in his bill by the next post.

Helpful

THE new maid rushed in excitedly.

"Somebody's just gone off with your car, sir," she said.

"Oh!" said the master, all attention. "What was the man like?"

"I could not see him clearly, but I took the number of the car."

The Flower Bed



DAD said I must bed out these flowers,
So I've chosen a bed that is old.
It seems very queer,
But he made it quite clear
That I always must do what I'm told.

Sacked

BLACK: I understood you to say that young Green was a good lad; now he's gone.

WHITE: I said he was fired with zeal and energy.

His Drawing Powers

TWO actors were discussing a mutual friend.

"Yes," said one, "as an actor he was a failure; now he's become an architect."

"And he's drawing better houses, no doubt," commented the other.

Jerry Built

HE had consulted a physical culture expert.

"These exercises will increase your strength, but they must be performed in front of an open window," said the expert.

"But I live in a new house," was the reply, "and I want the increased strength first so that I can open the windows."

Come on, Dad!
Look
what's for
breakfast



Since MICHAEL had Puffed Wheat his breakfast enthusiasm is amazing. He loves the crispness and flavour of these delicious puffed grains.



FATHER can never make up his mind which he prefers, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. He enjoys them both, and thinks Puffed Grains were a good idea of Michael's.

Children who normally are difficult to get to eat cereal foods, love the delicious, crunchy, creamy flavour of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Ready to serve, they contain all the nourishment of a hot cooked cereal. Puffed Wheat contains the vital food elements of the wheat grain necessary for healthy growing bodies. Puffed Rice is specially selected rice in its most nourishing and tempting form.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, others Puffed Wheat; what of your family?

Try both, for the price of one.

FREE
PACKET
COUPON



Take this coupon to any grocer.

This certifies that my grocer has given me a full-sized packet of both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for 8d. I have not used a similar coupon before.

Name _____

Address _____

To the Grocer

On receipt of this coupon with name and address of customer filled in we will send you 8d., the full retail price of packet you gave as per our offer. Quaker Oats, Ltd., 11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

P19A

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

GERALD did wish he could live up a tree instead of in a house.

He had been reading about tree sprites who live in the branches of trees, and he thought it was the loveliest way to live. The story said that when you wanted help you had only to knock on the tree-trunk and a sprite would fall out of the branches at your feet.

So Gerald spent quite a long time knocking on tree-trunks in the wood; but nothing happened. He grew tired at last, and, clambering up an old oak beside the path, he crawled along the branch among the leaves.

He pretended to be a sprite himself, and several people passed under the bough and

never saw him! Gerald thought it was great fun.

He was just getting rather cramped on his branch when



His eyes danced with mischief

he saw an old gentleman with a stick coming along the path. He was walking very slowly.

"What fun to drop a leaf on his hat!" thought Gerald.

He peered down between the leaves, his eyes dancing with mischief. But just as the old man came under the tree his ankle seemed to give way, for he stumbled with a sharp cry, and only saved himself from falling by clutching the tree. As he sank on to a log his stick knocked sharply against the trunk.

"That means he's knocking for help," thought Gerald. And like a flash he dropped out of his branch to the ground.

"Have you hurt yourself?" he asked the astonished old gentleman, who was nursing his foot.

"I'm afraid I've twisted my ankle," he answered, "and I can't get home without help." And Gerald cried:

"I'll fetch someone."

THE TREE SPRITE

"That's very kind of you," said the old man gratefully.

"How lucky for me that you were here! I'm staying at the inn. If you would ask for my daughter, Miss Unwin—" He drew his breath sharply as he tried to move his foot.

Gerald sped off to the inn. And in five minutes he was back with Miss Unwin and the innkeeper, who between them supported the old gentleman home.

"Well, I don't know what I should have done if this tree sprite hadn't dropped down at my feet," said Mr Unwin as he moved painfully on.

Gerald danced behind them, carrying the old gentleman's stick. "You see, you knocked on the trunk, so I had to come and help," he explained.